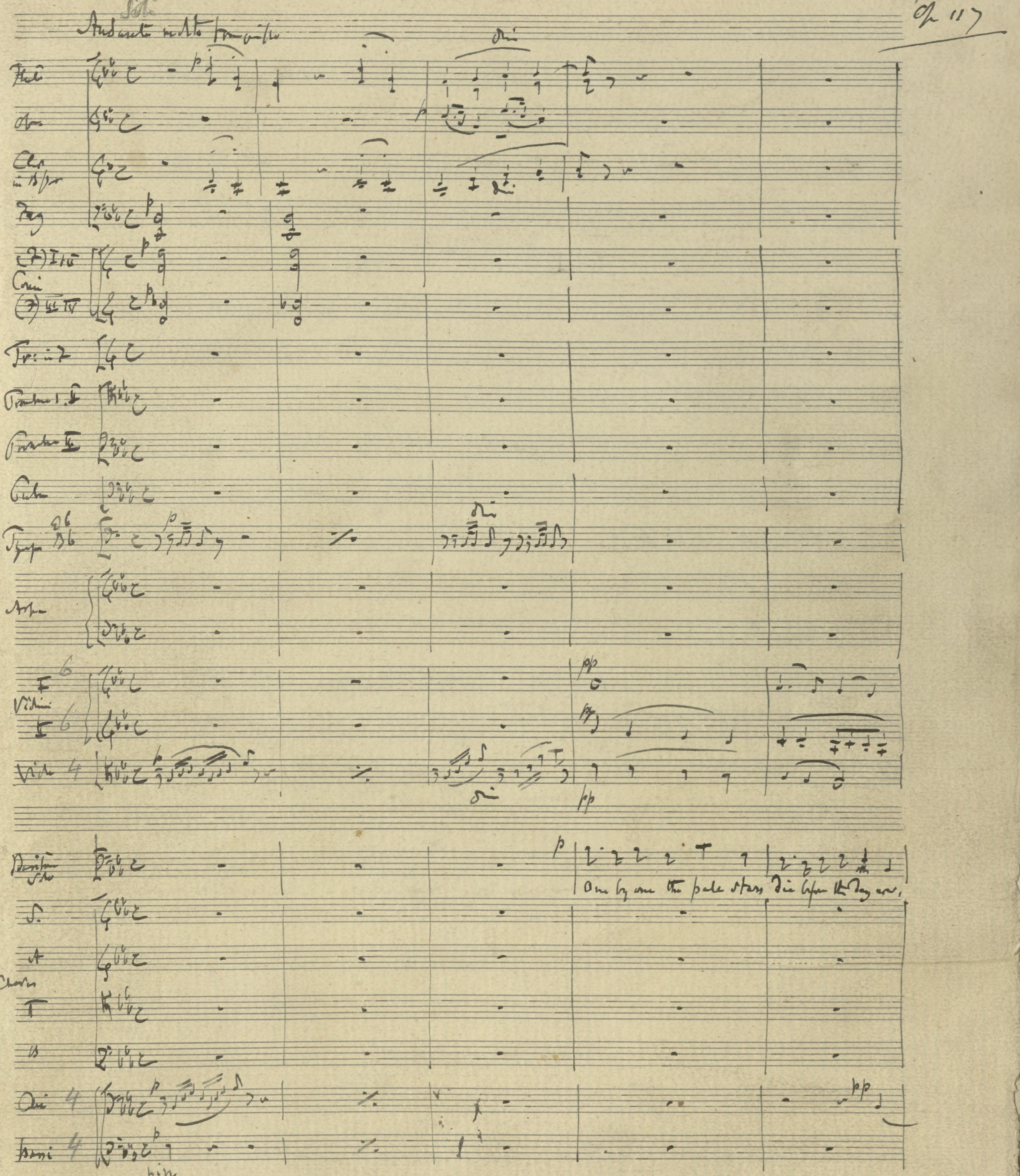
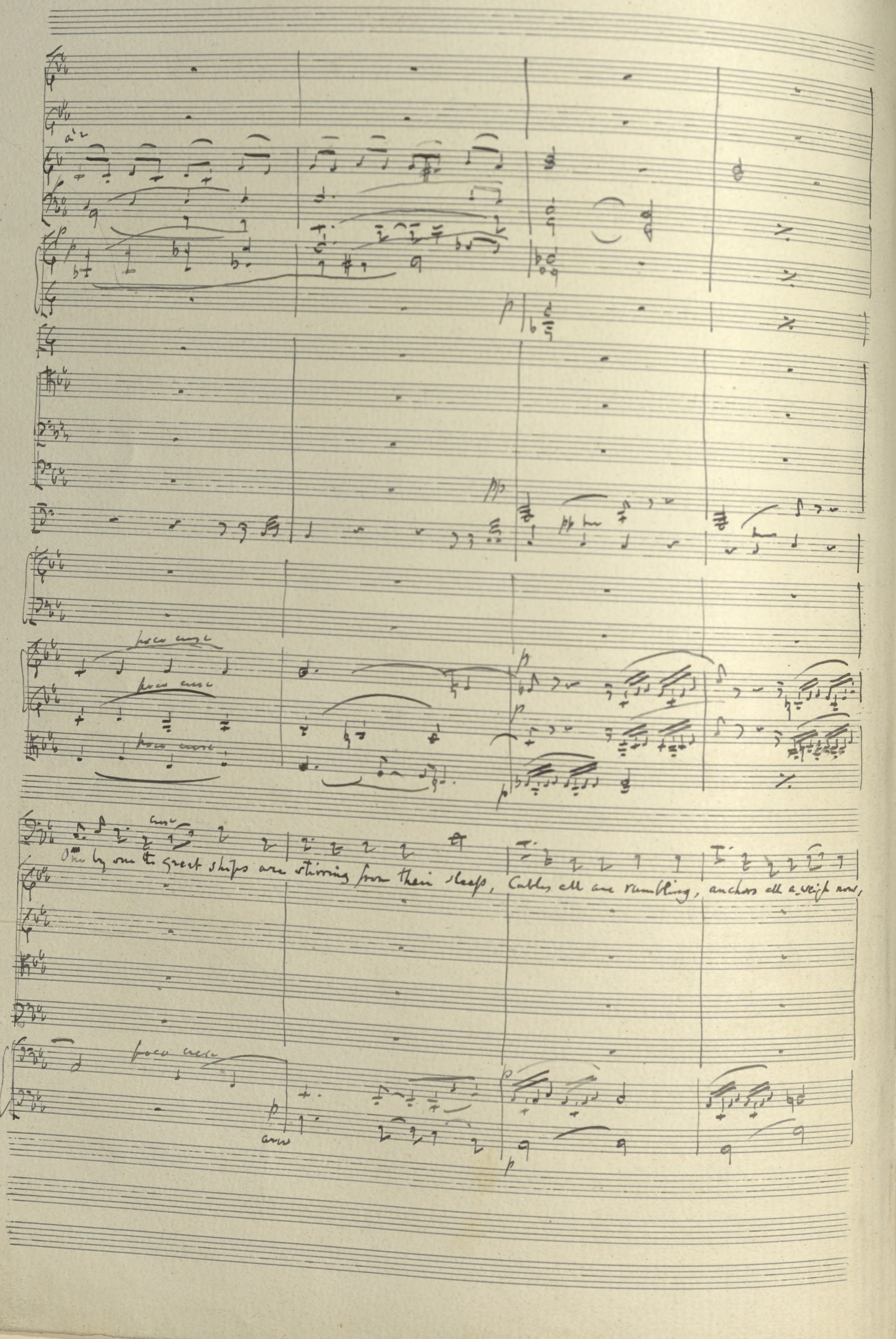
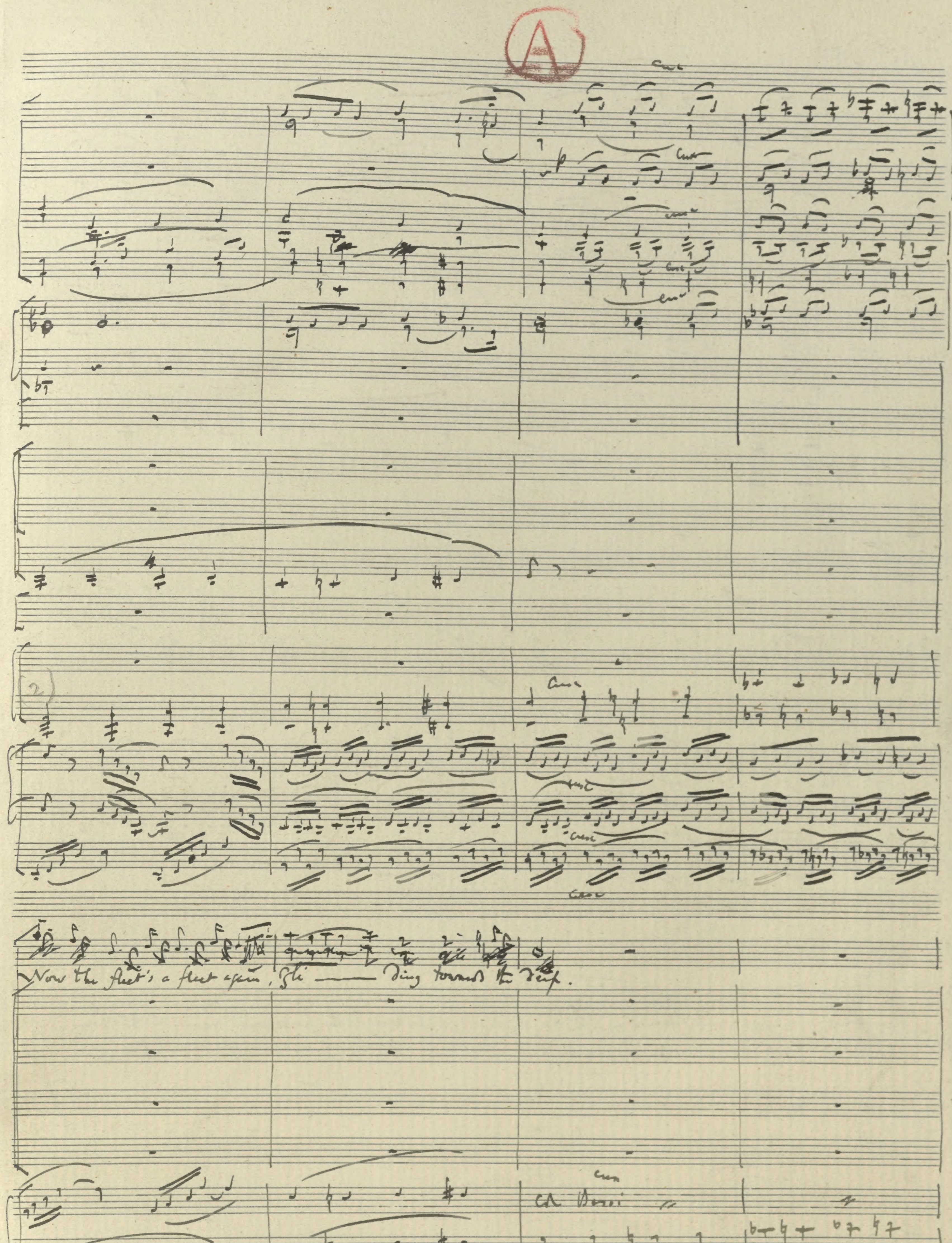
4158

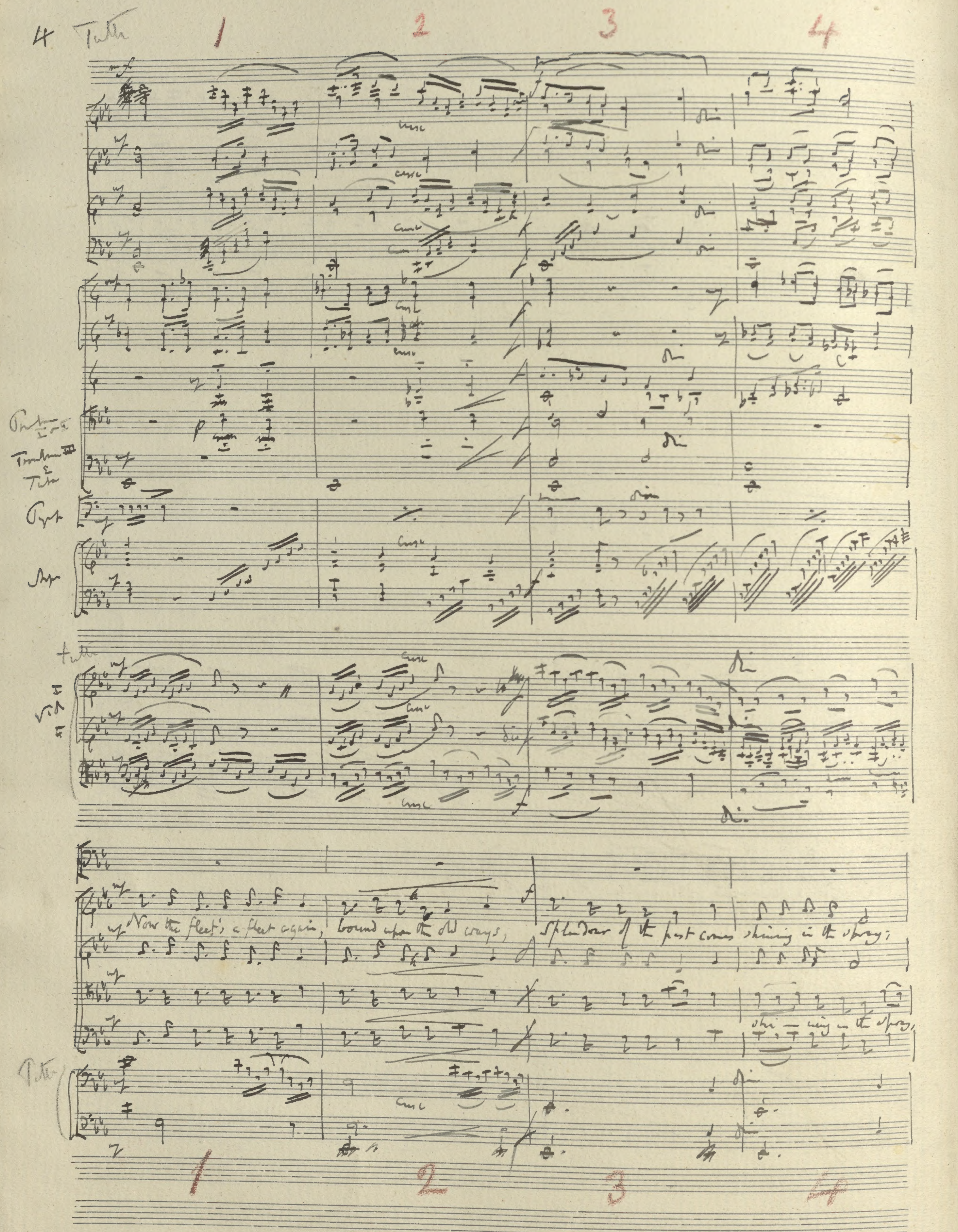
BOUND BY R.S. BUFFERY.
FITZROY STREET. W.

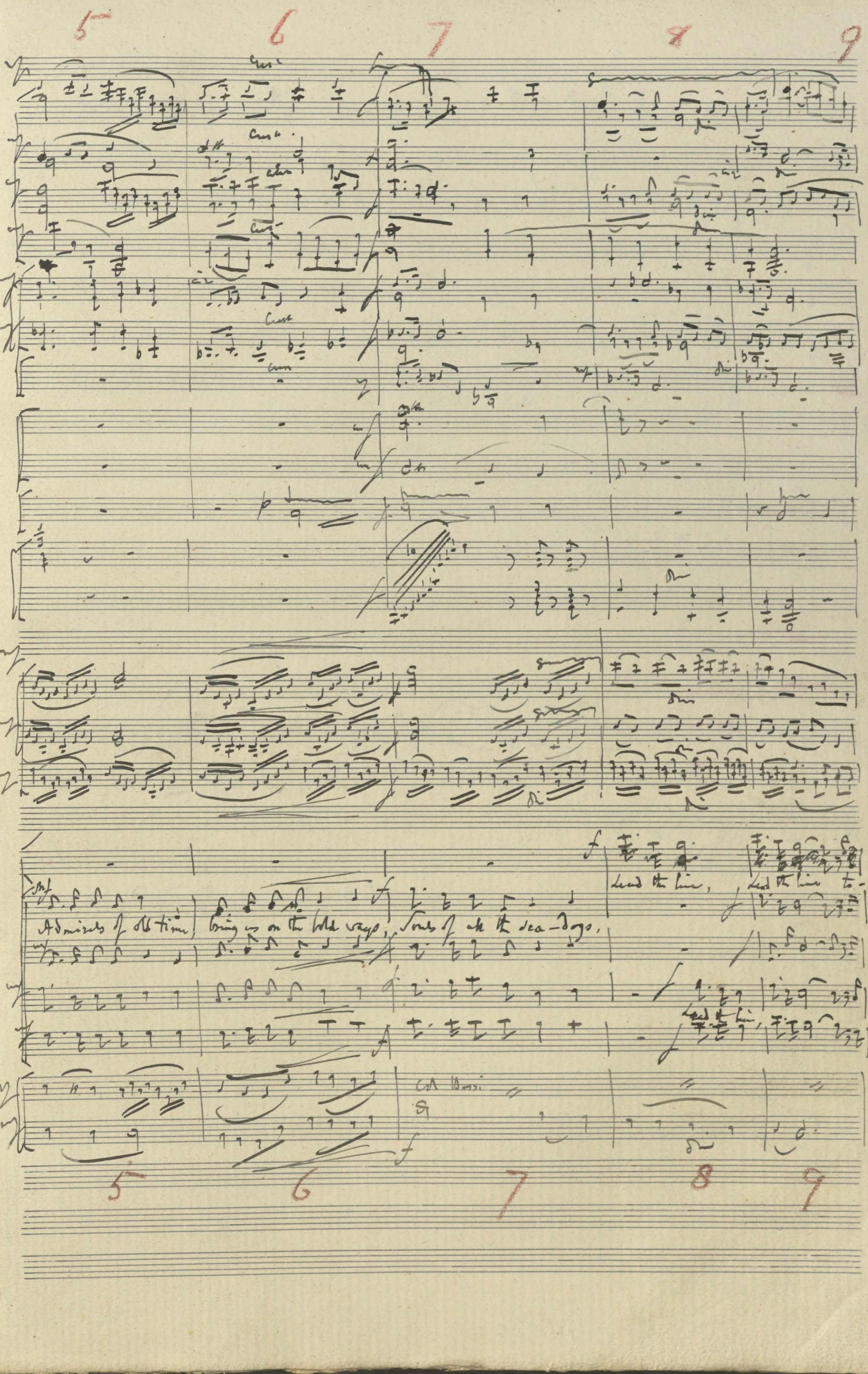
H. F. Needler   Sailing at Dawn   4158   C V Stanford Op. 117

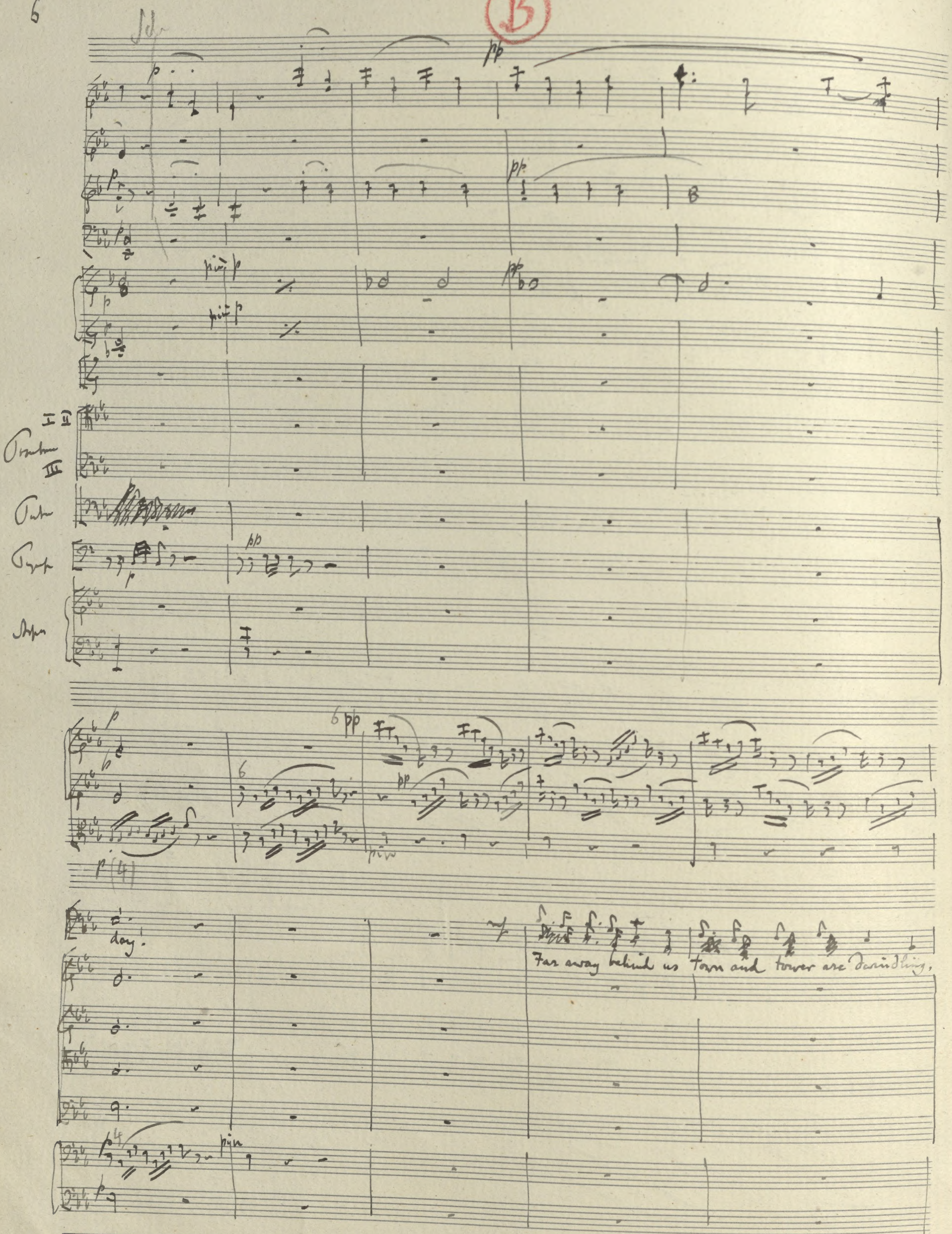


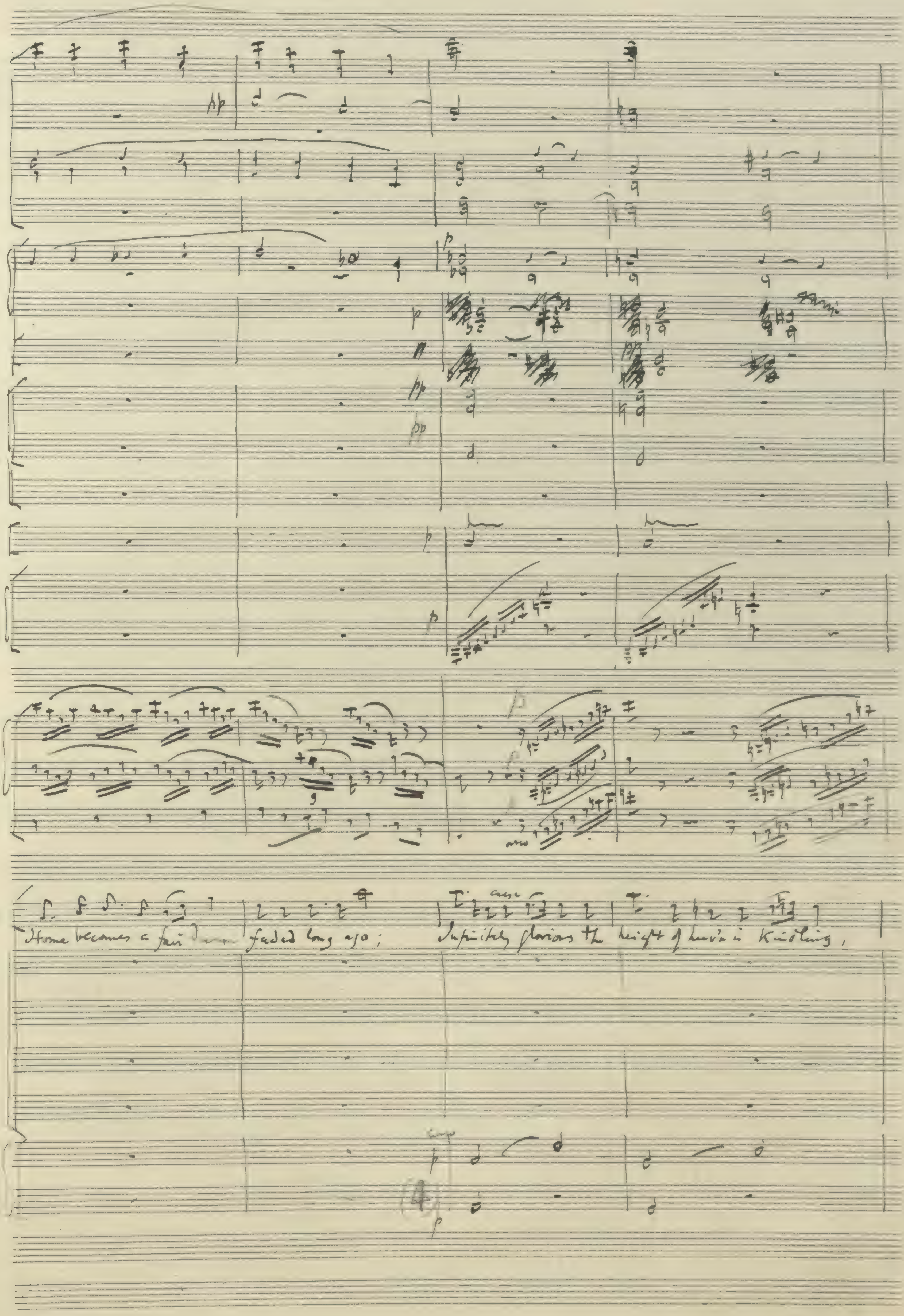

a 2
poco cresc
poco cresc
poco cresc
pp
p
p
p
cresc
One by one the great ships are stirring from their sleeps, Cables all are rumbling, anchors all a-weigh now,
poco cresc
cresc
p

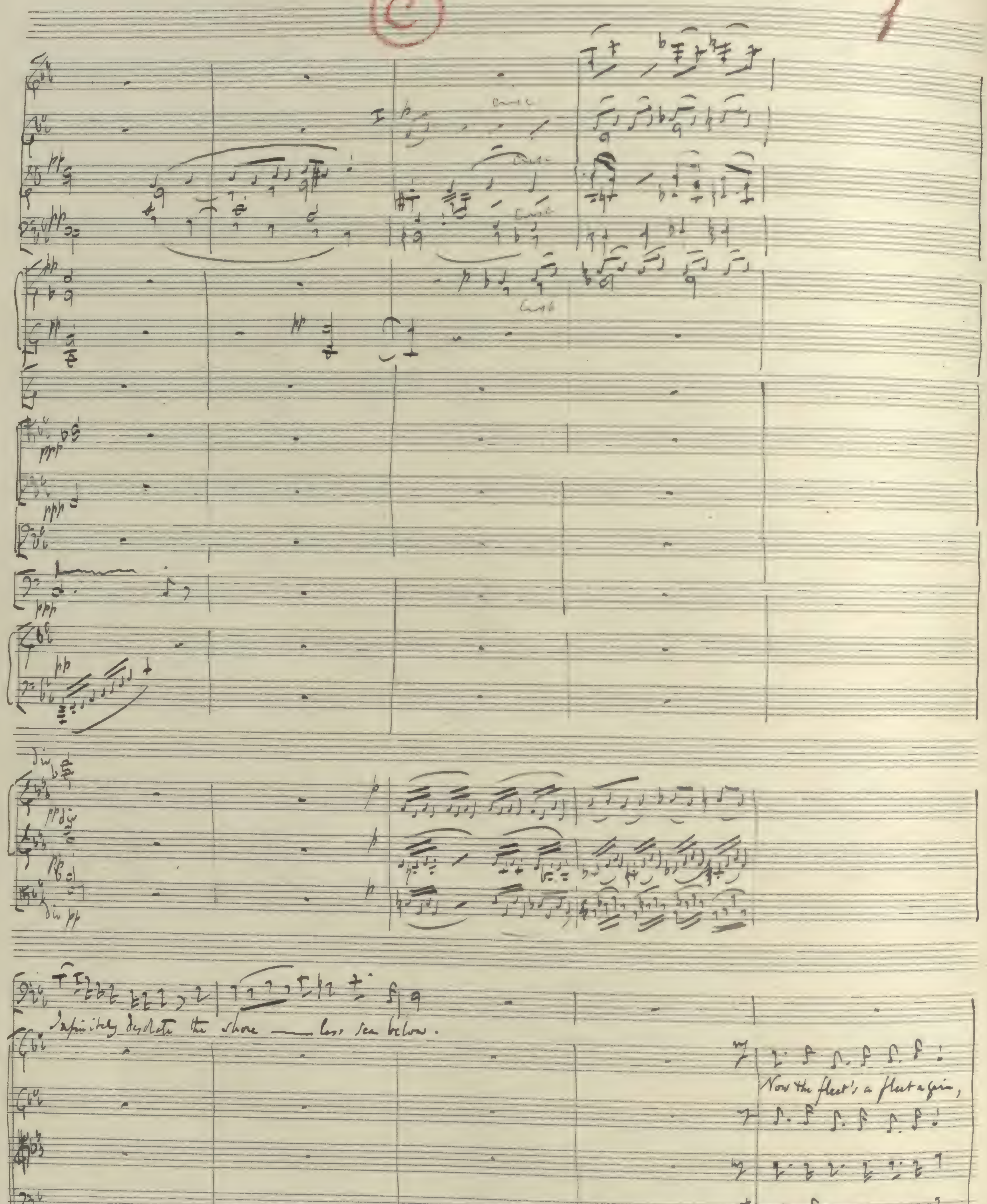

Now the fleet's a fleet again, Gli — ding toward the Deep.

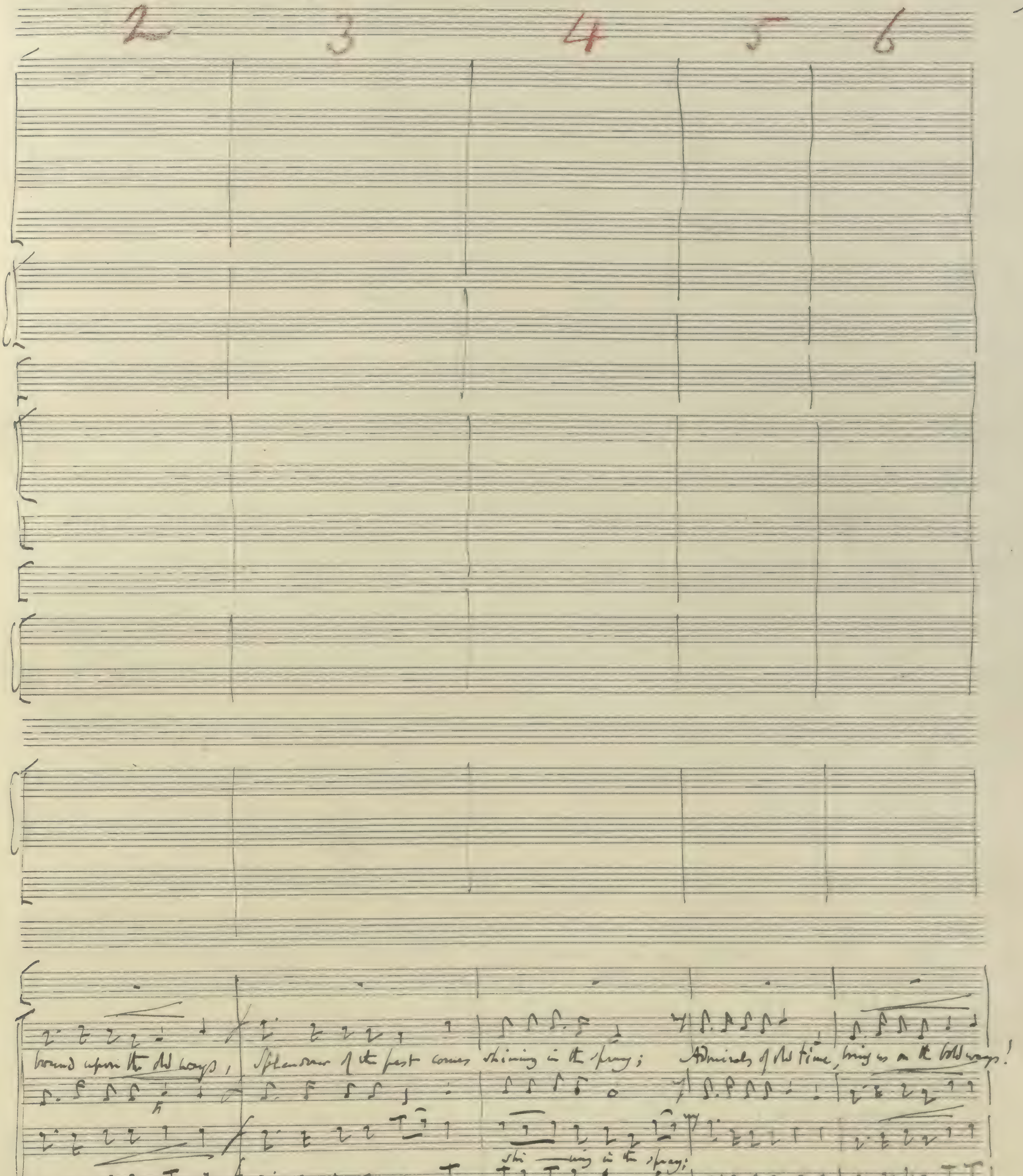

Tutti
1
2
3
4
mf
Tromb. III & Tuba
Timp
Harp
Tutti
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways,
Splendour of the past comes shining in the spray;
shi — ning in the spray,
Tutti
1
2
3
4

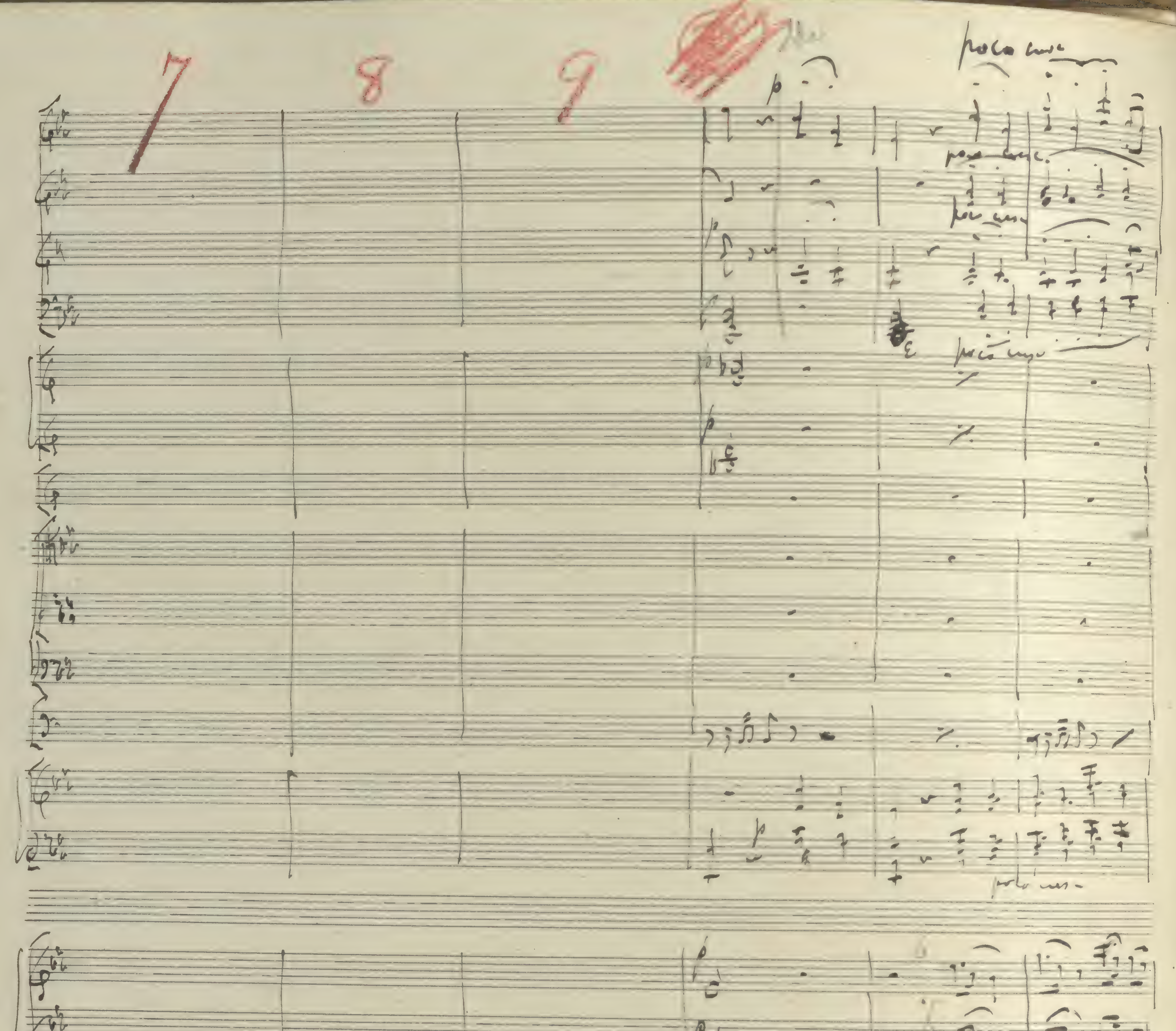

Admirals of old time
bring us on the bold ways, Souls of all the sea-dogs,
Lead the line, Lead the line to-
Col Bassi

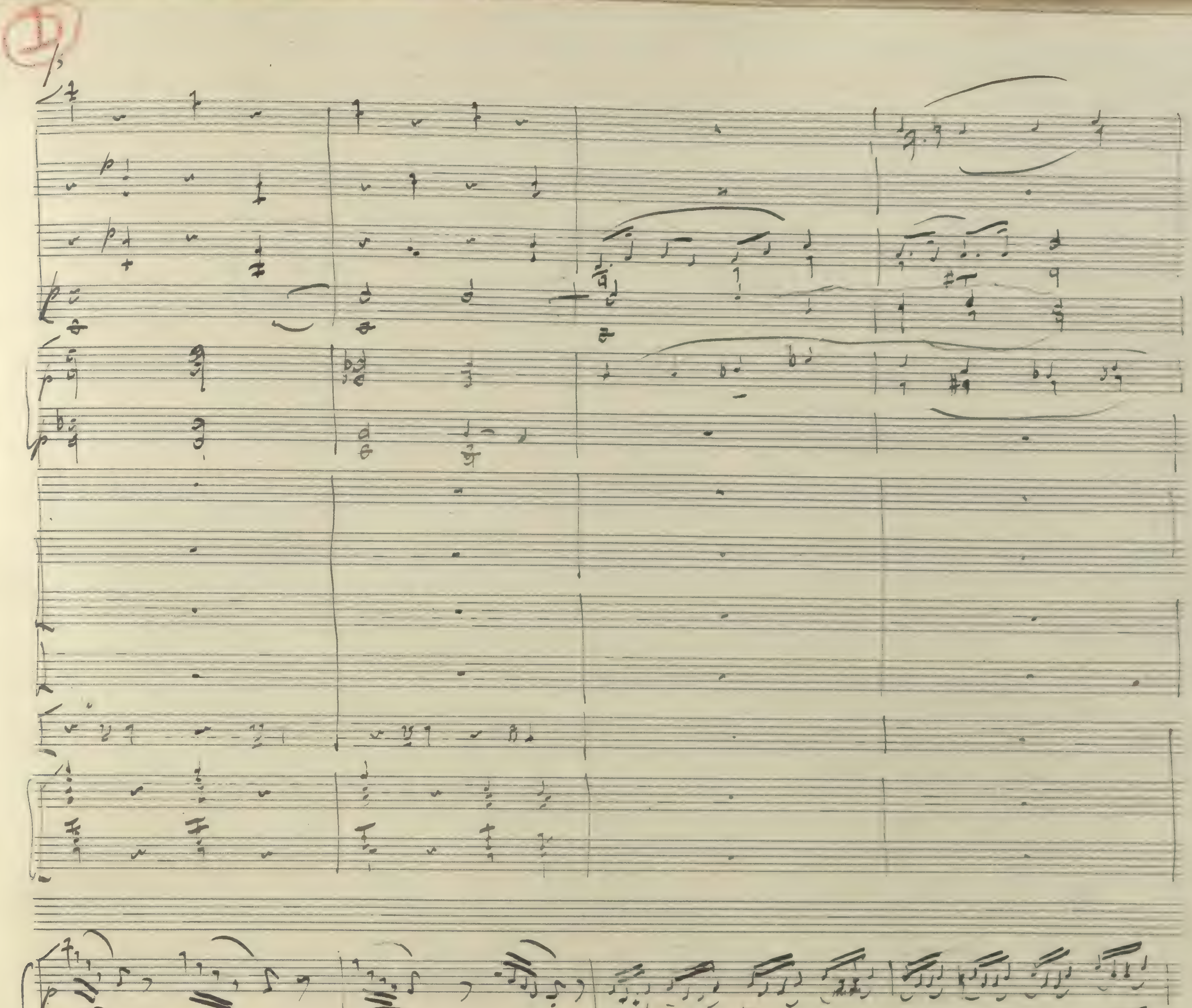

B
day!
Far away behind us town and tower are dwindling,

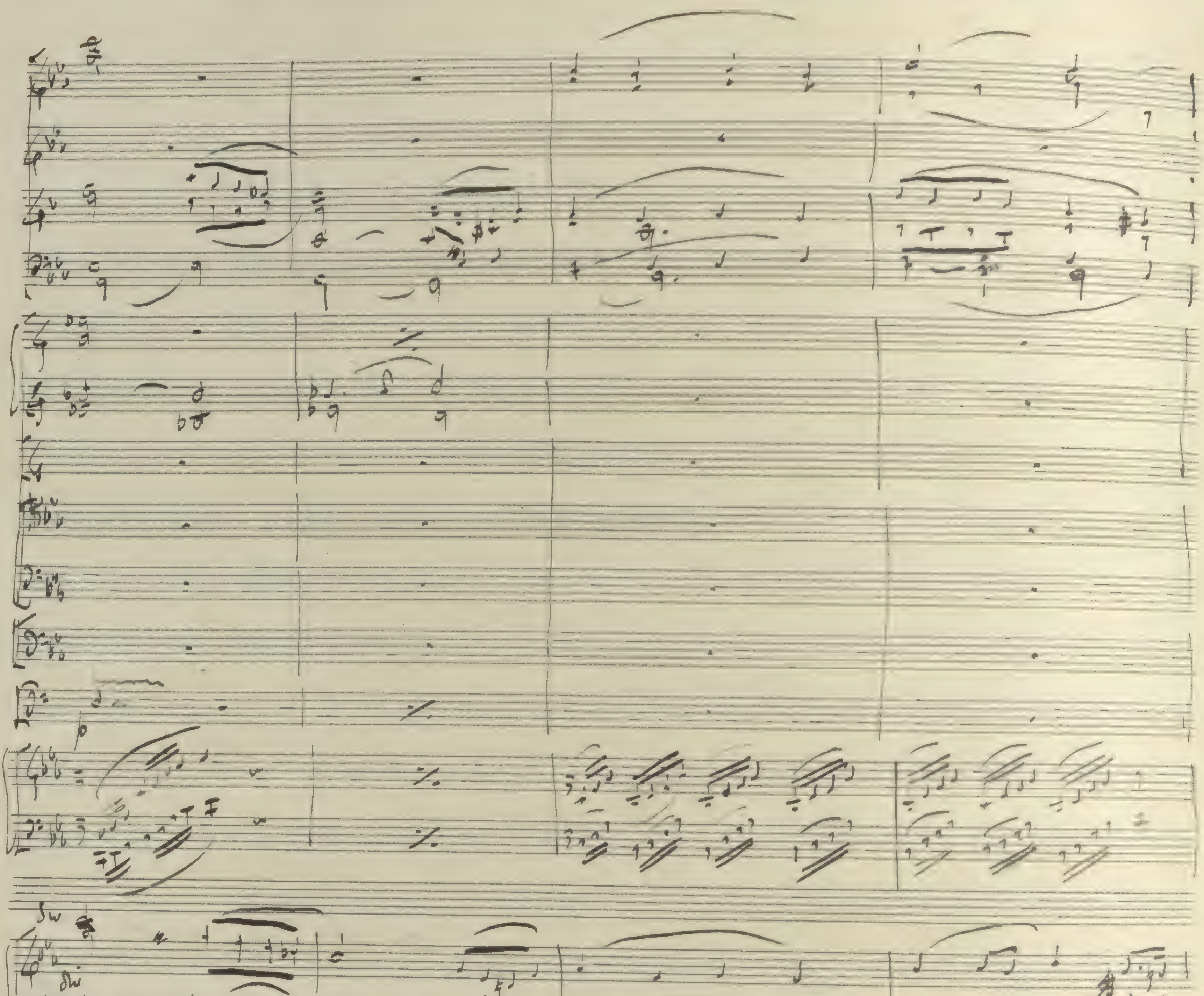

Home becomes a fair dream faded long ago;
Infinitely glorious the height of heav'n is kindling,

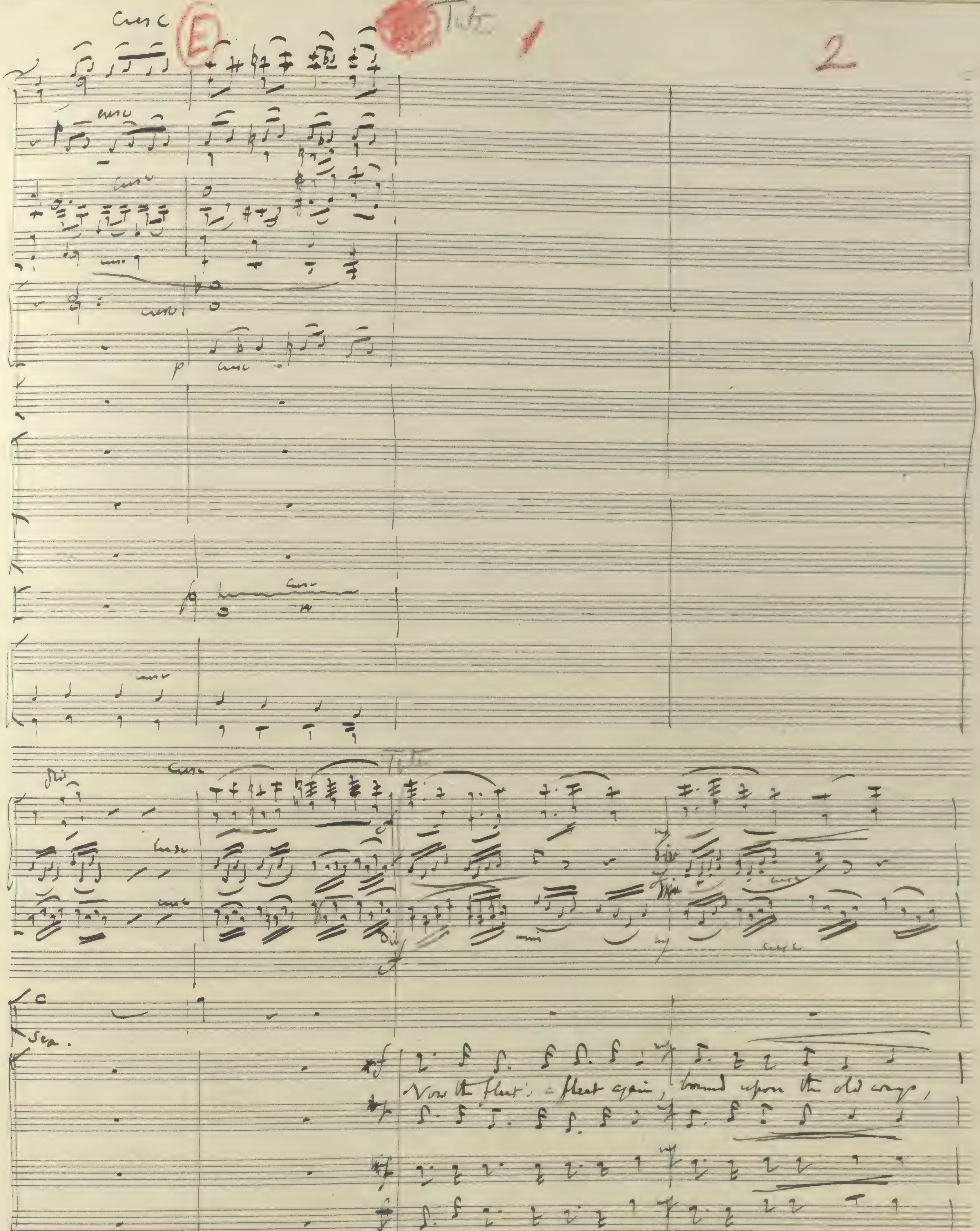

Infinitely desolate the shore — less sea below.
Now the fleet's a fleet again,


2
3
4
5
6
bound upon the old ways, Splendour of the past comes shining in the spray; Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
shi — ning in the spray;

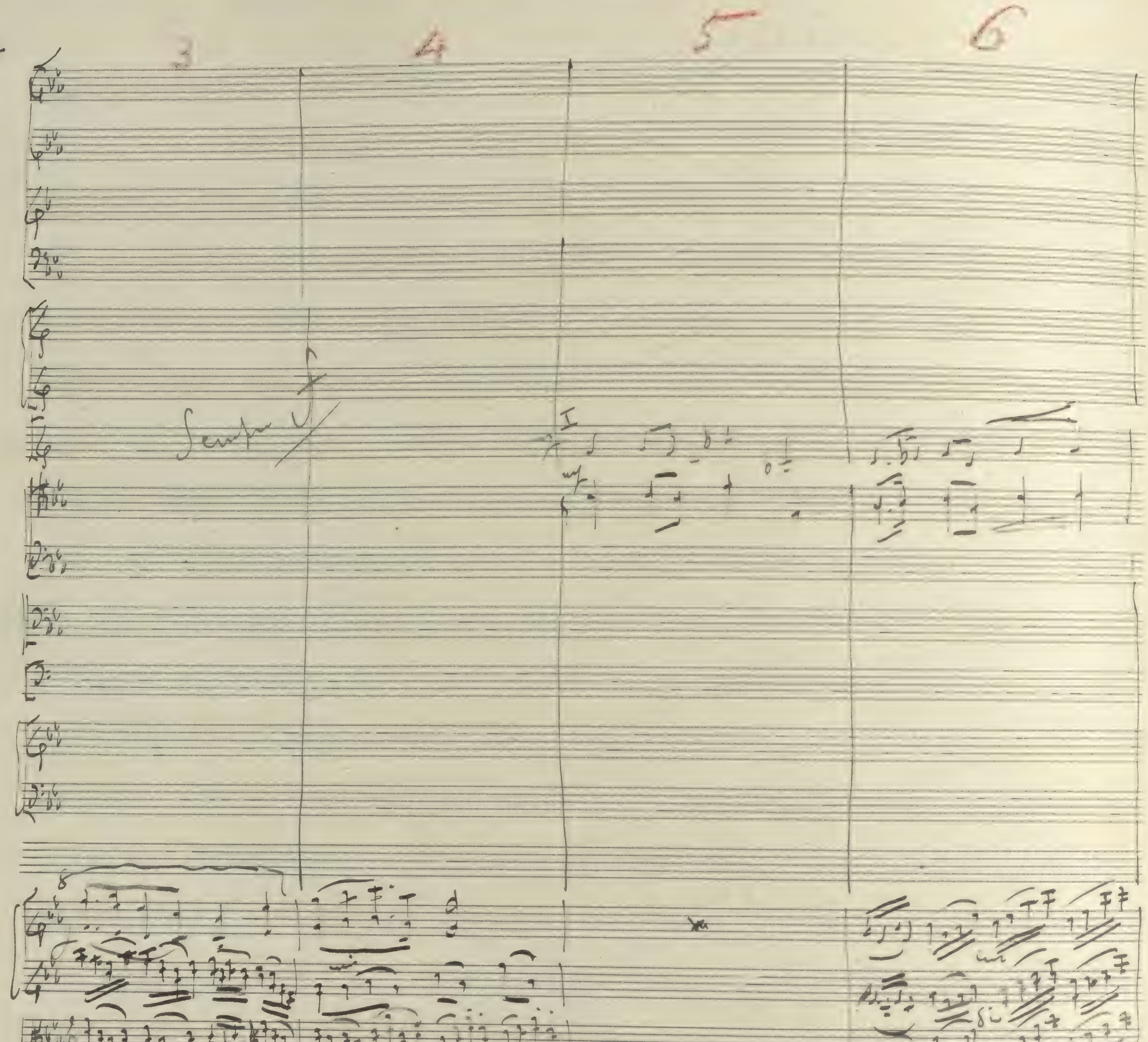

7
8
9
Souls of all the sea-dogs,
lead the line,
Lead the line to-day
lead the line,

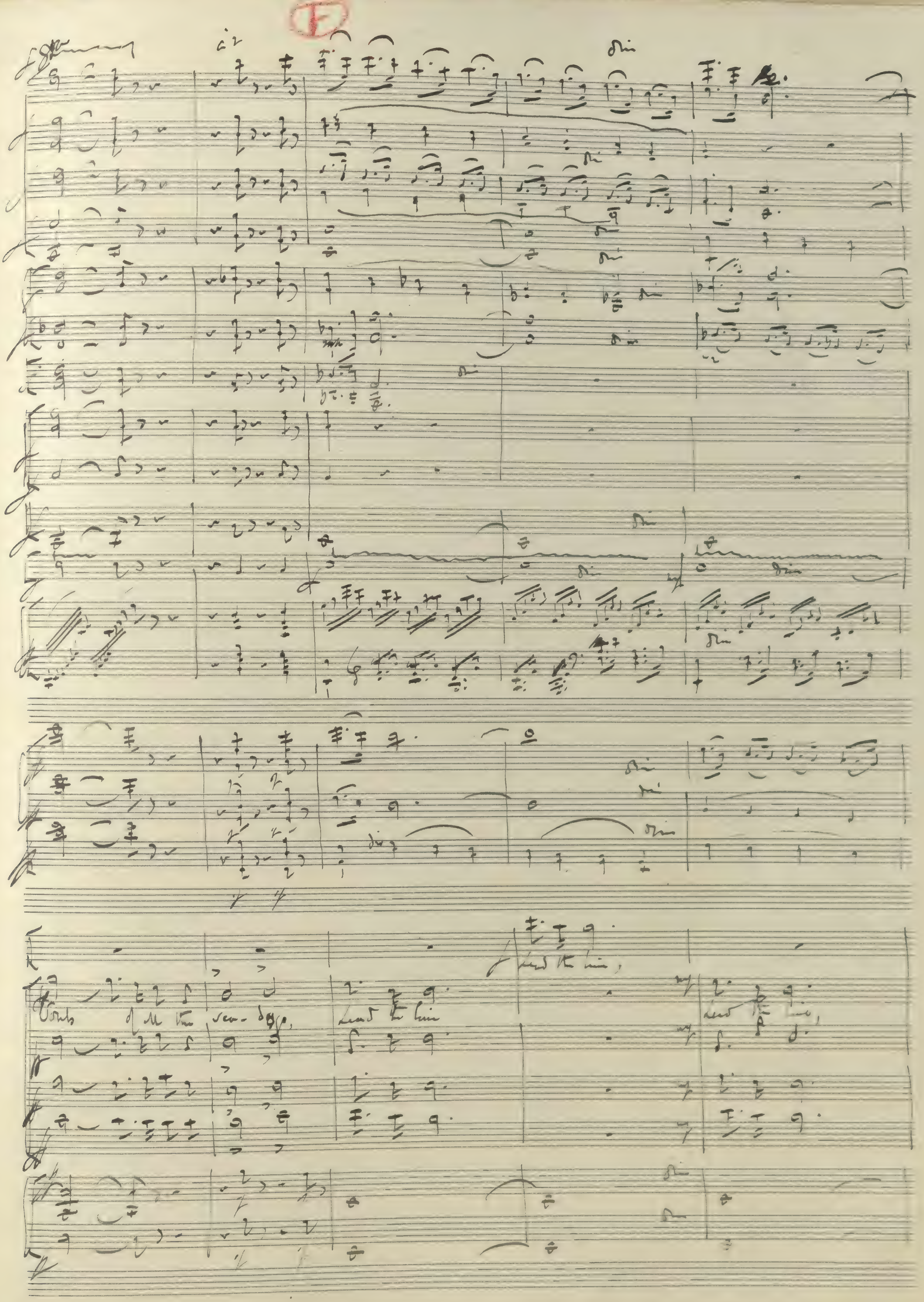

D
Once again with proud hearts we make the old surrender, Once again with high hearts serve the age to be,

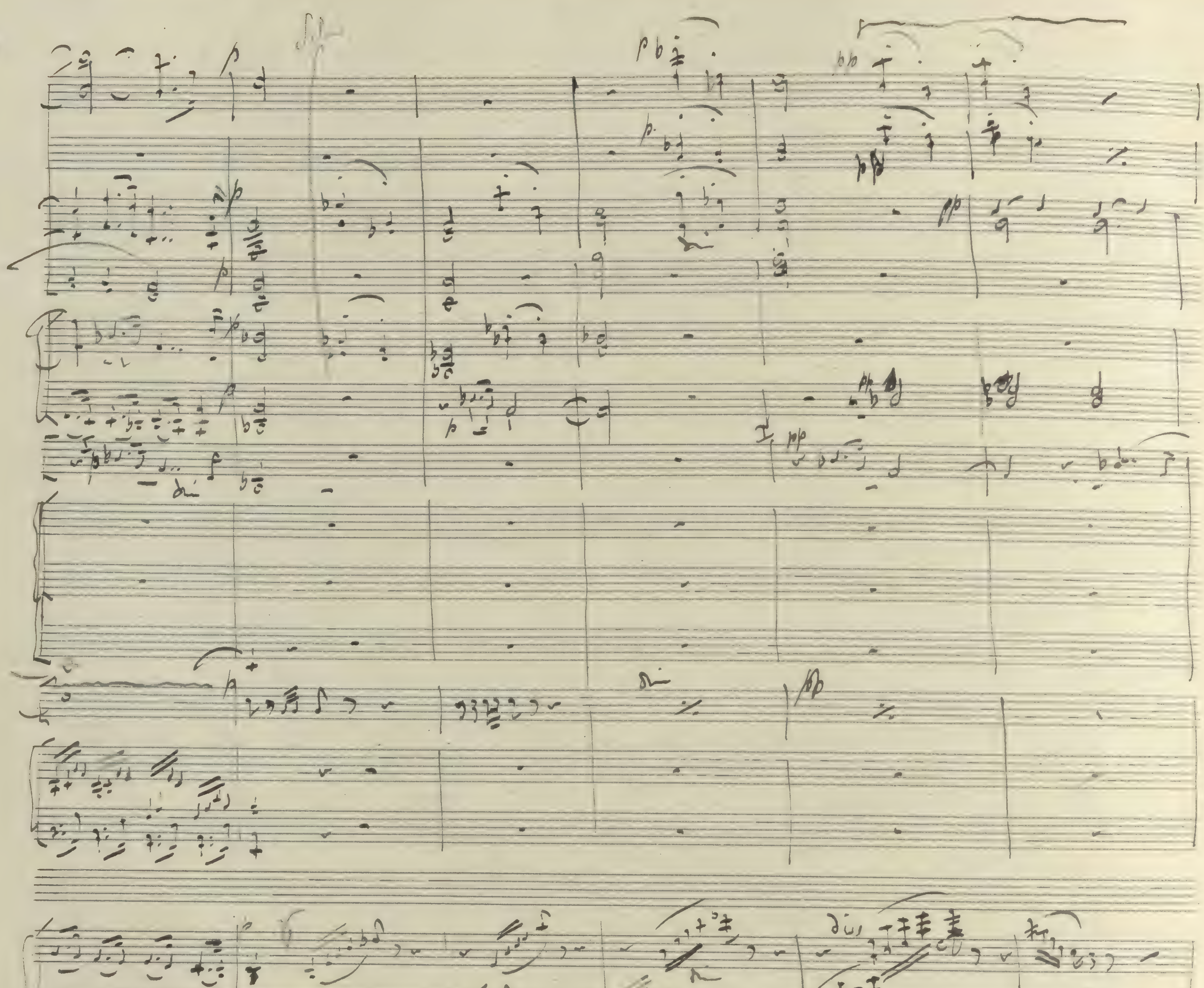

Not for us the warm life of Earth, secure and tender, Ours the eternal wandering and war — ours of the

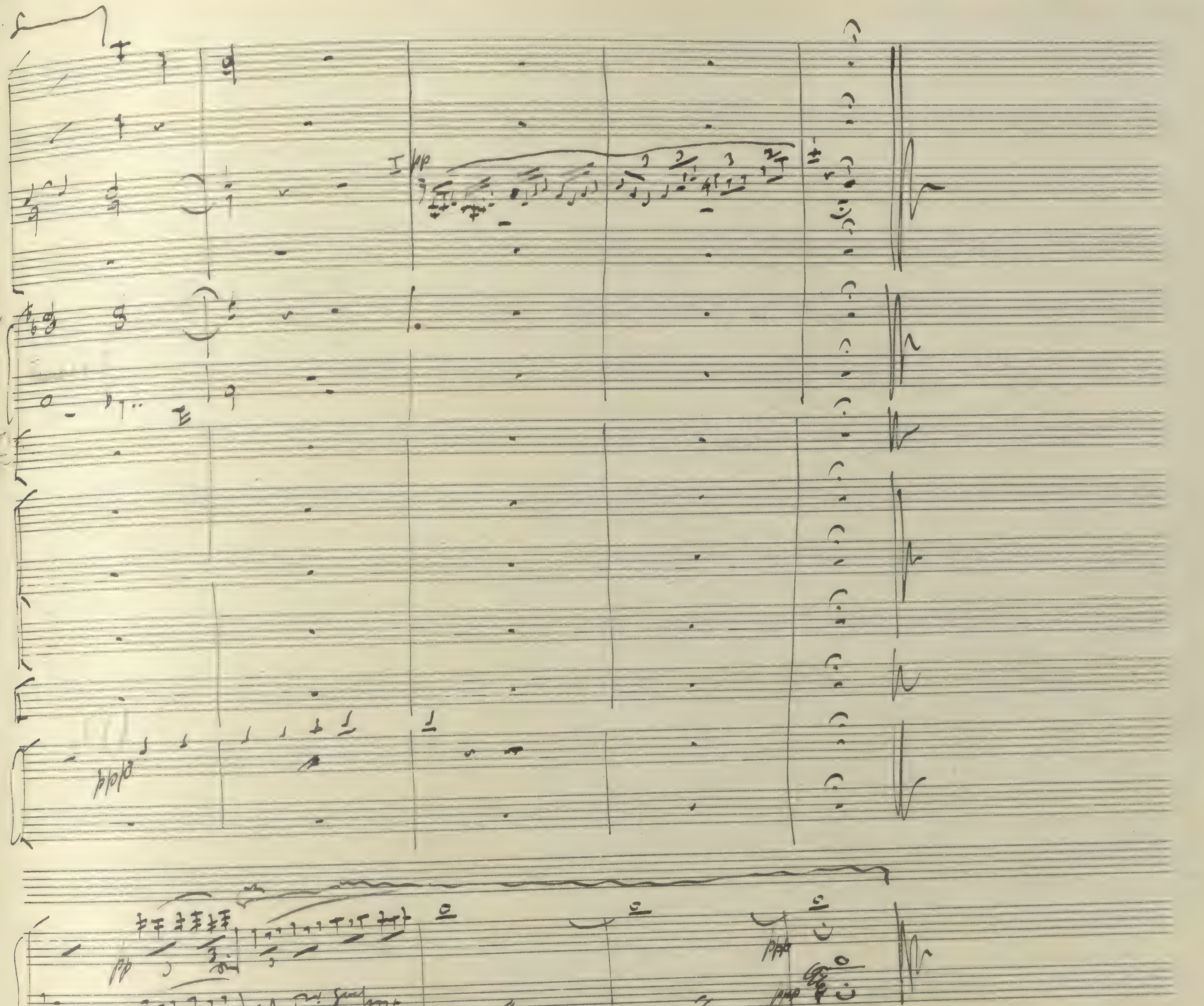


(NB the parts not written in ink to be found on page 4)


3 4 5 6
Sempre f
I
Splendour of the port comes shining in the spray;
Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways
unis
3 4 5 6


F

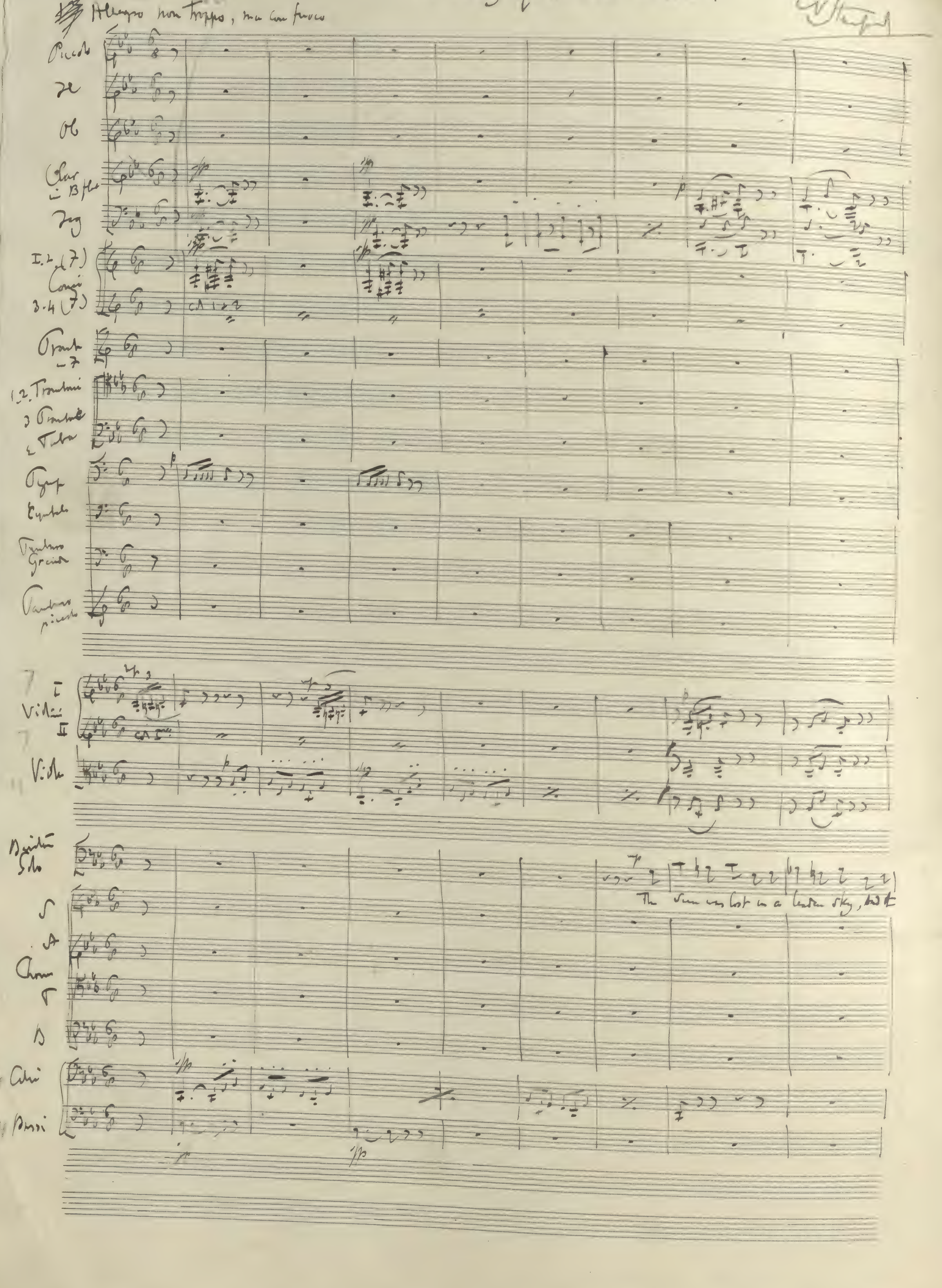

Lead the line. to-day.
Lead the line to-day
Lead the line
Lead the line
Lead the line
Lead the

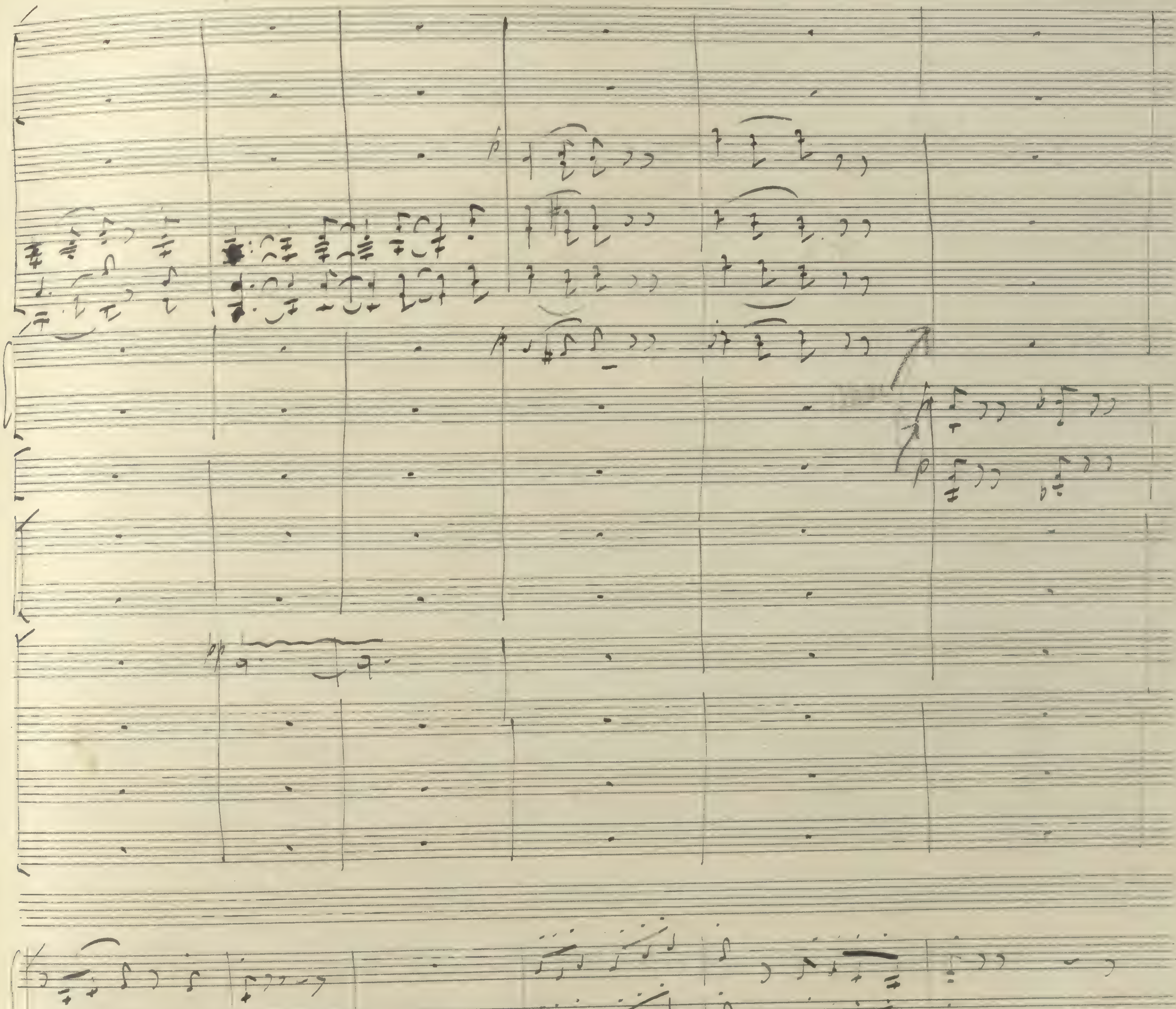

lead the line
to-day

1 H. F. Nalder

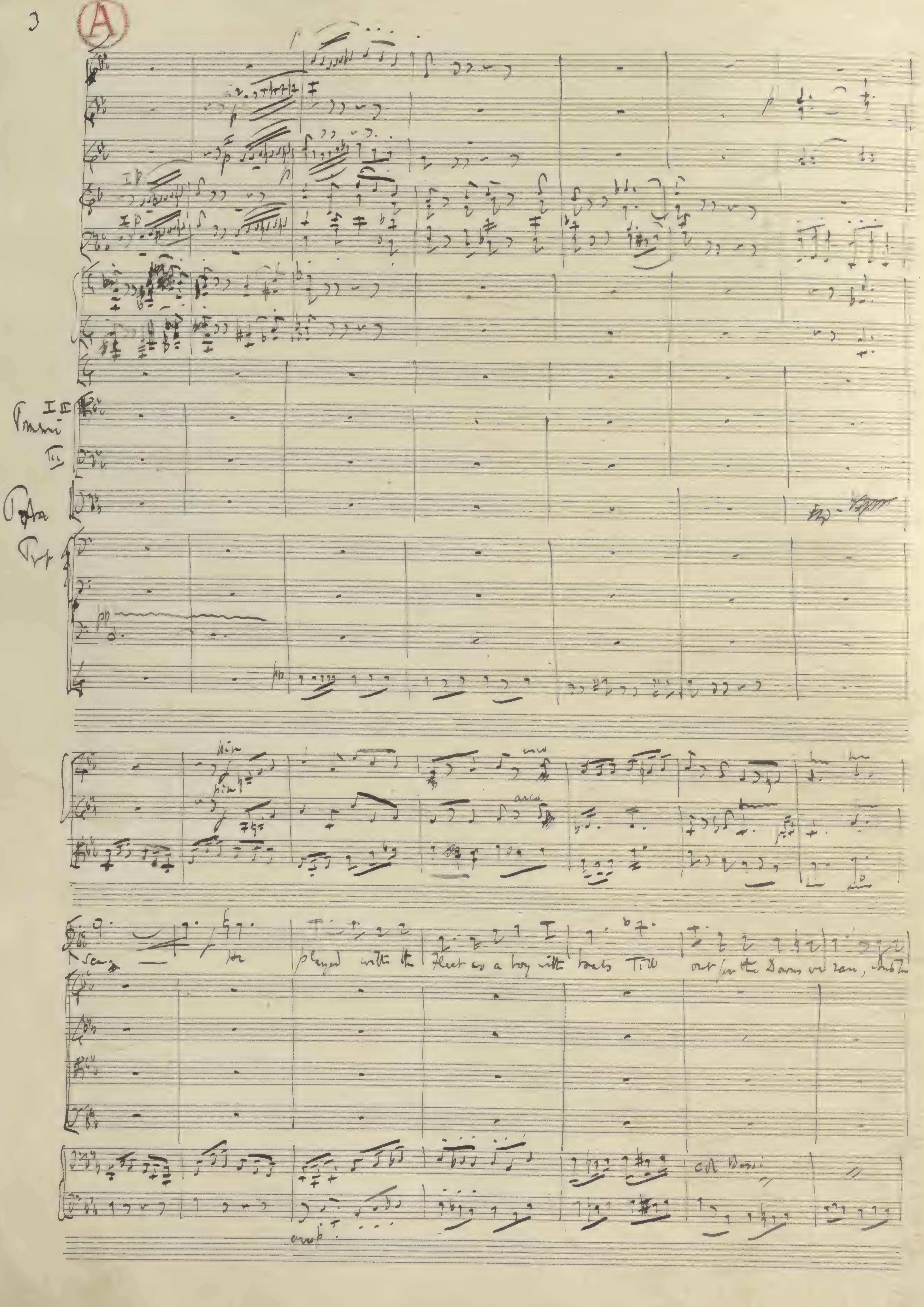
The Song of the Sou' Wester

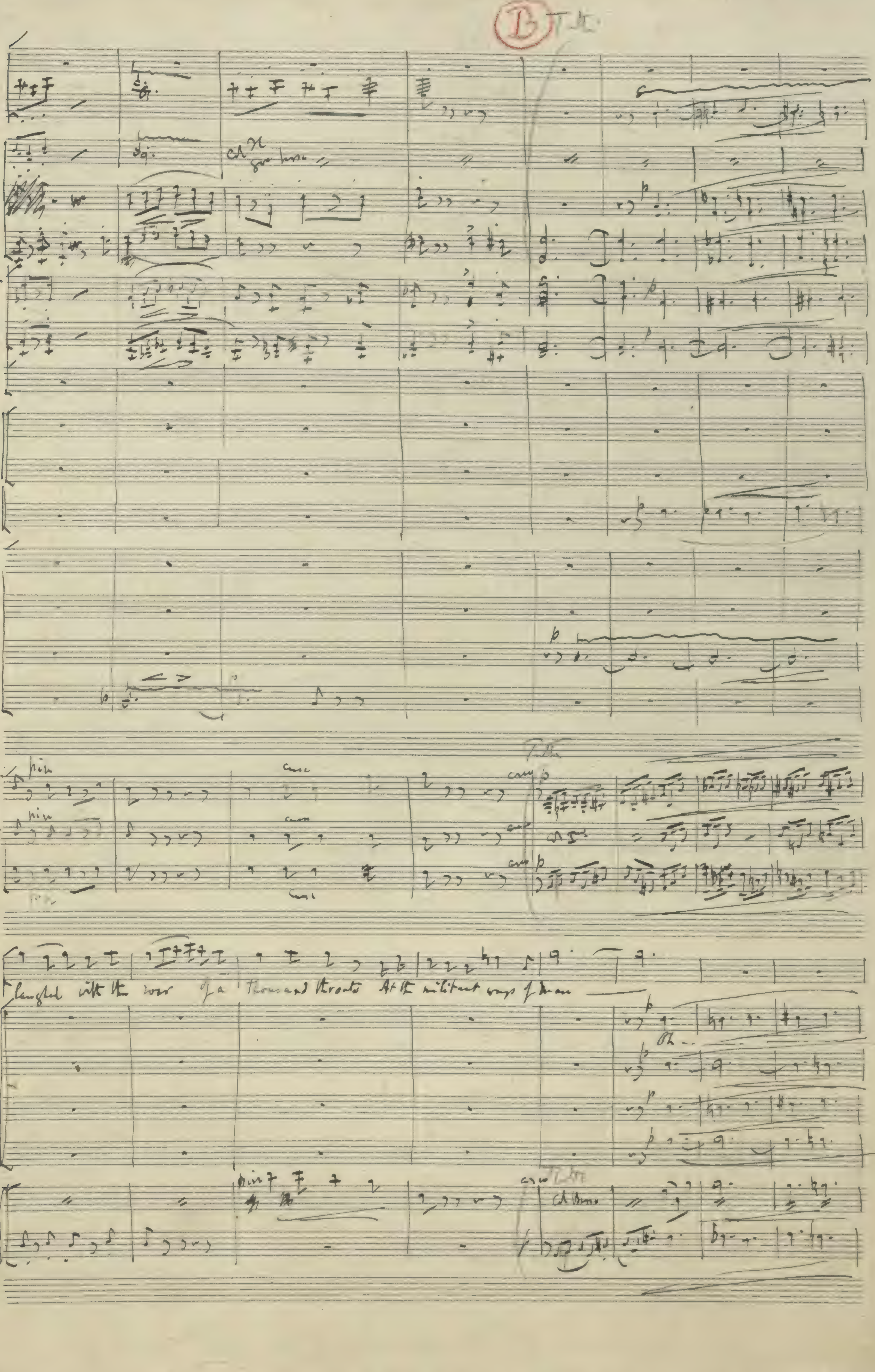
C. V. Stanford

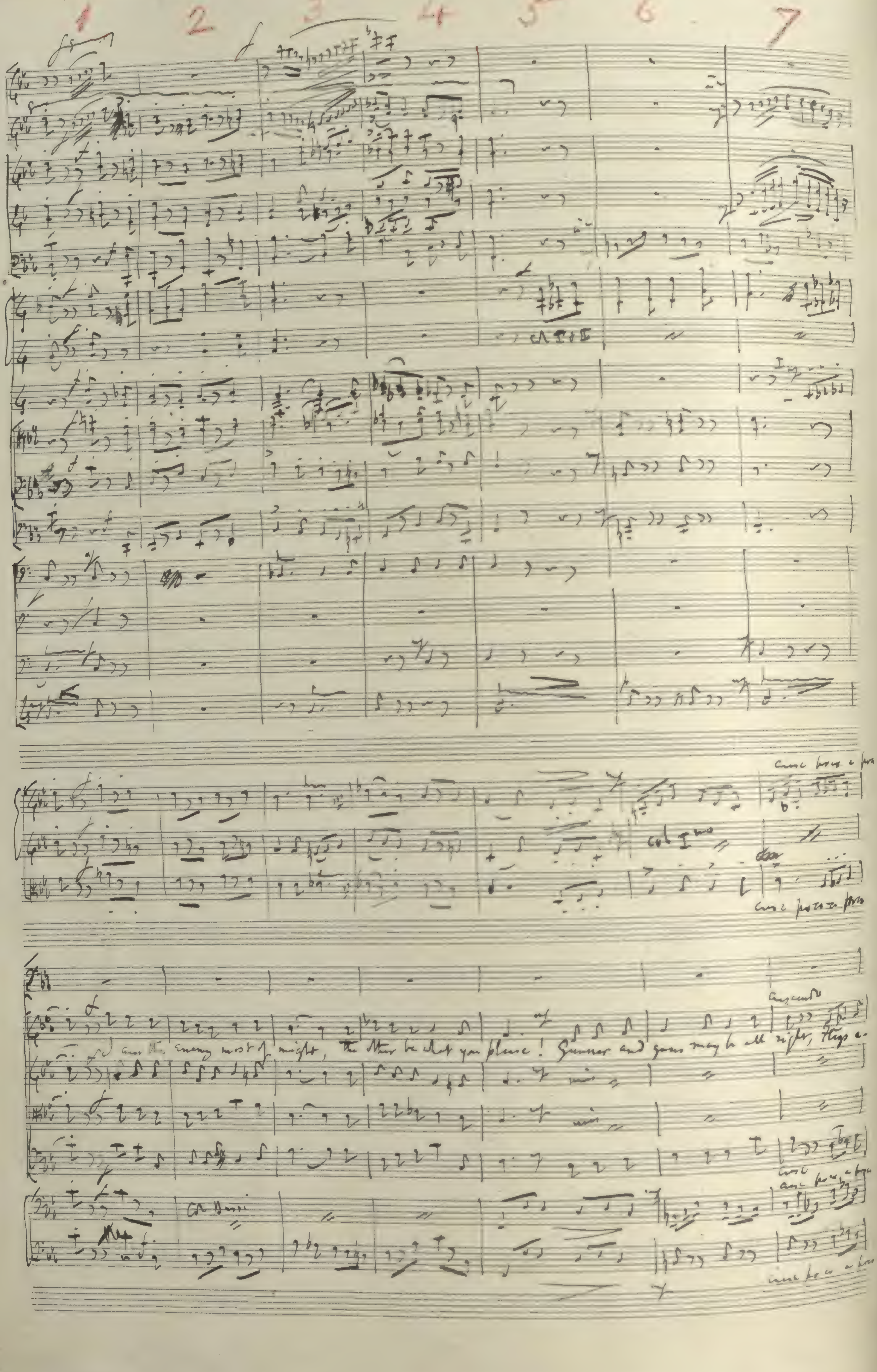


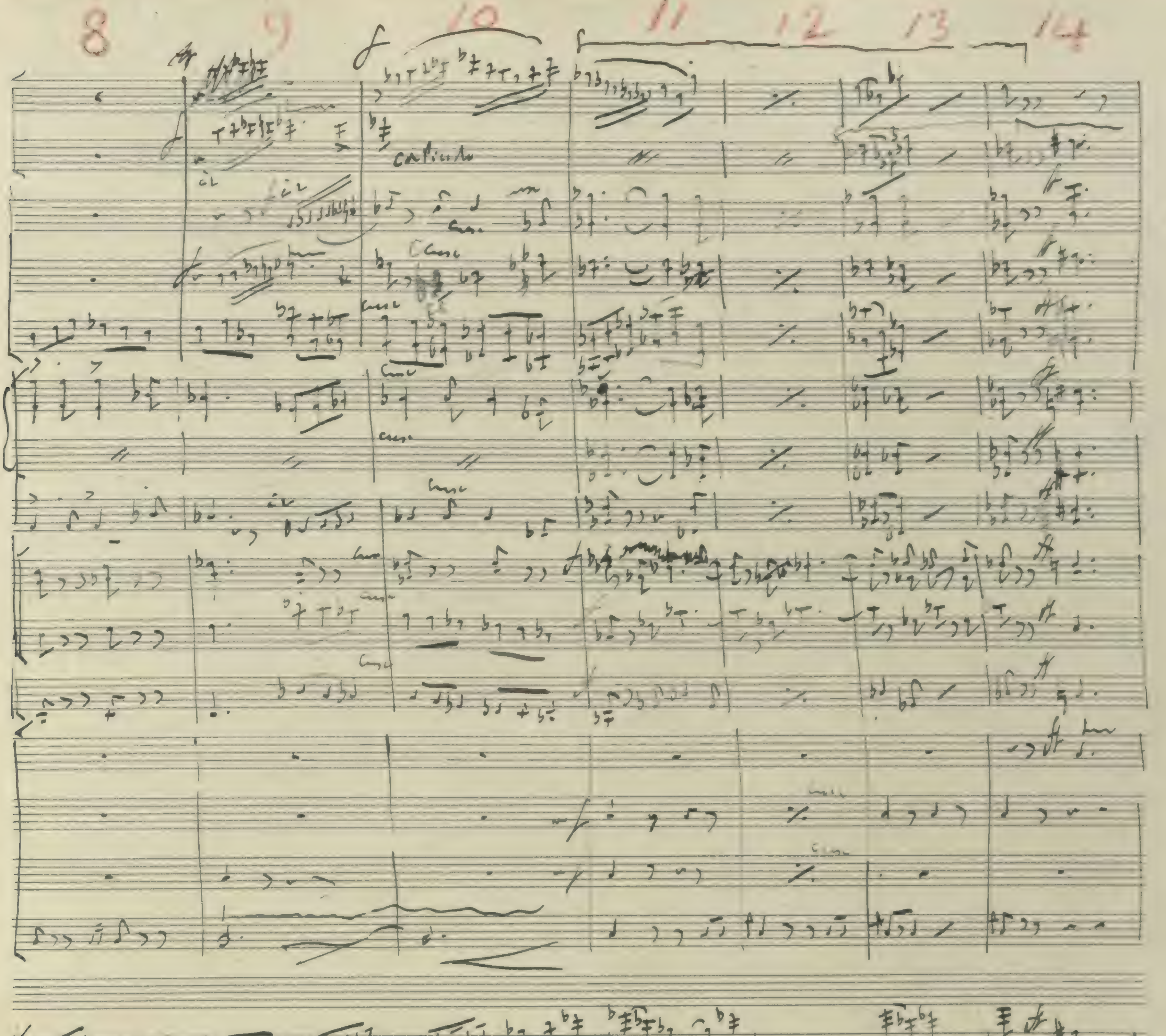


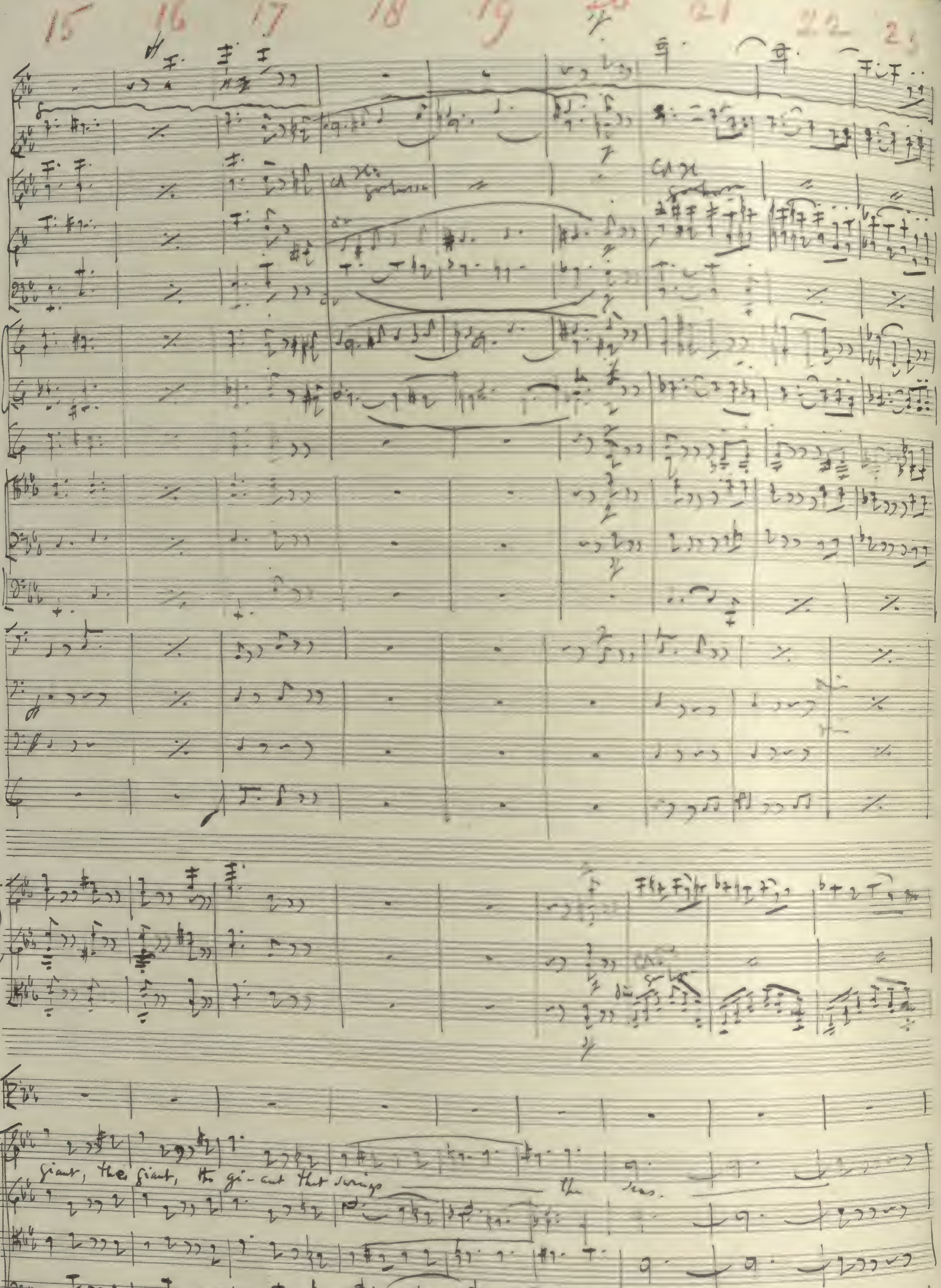
shore lay under our lea;
When a great Sou' Wester hurricane – high dame rollicking up the

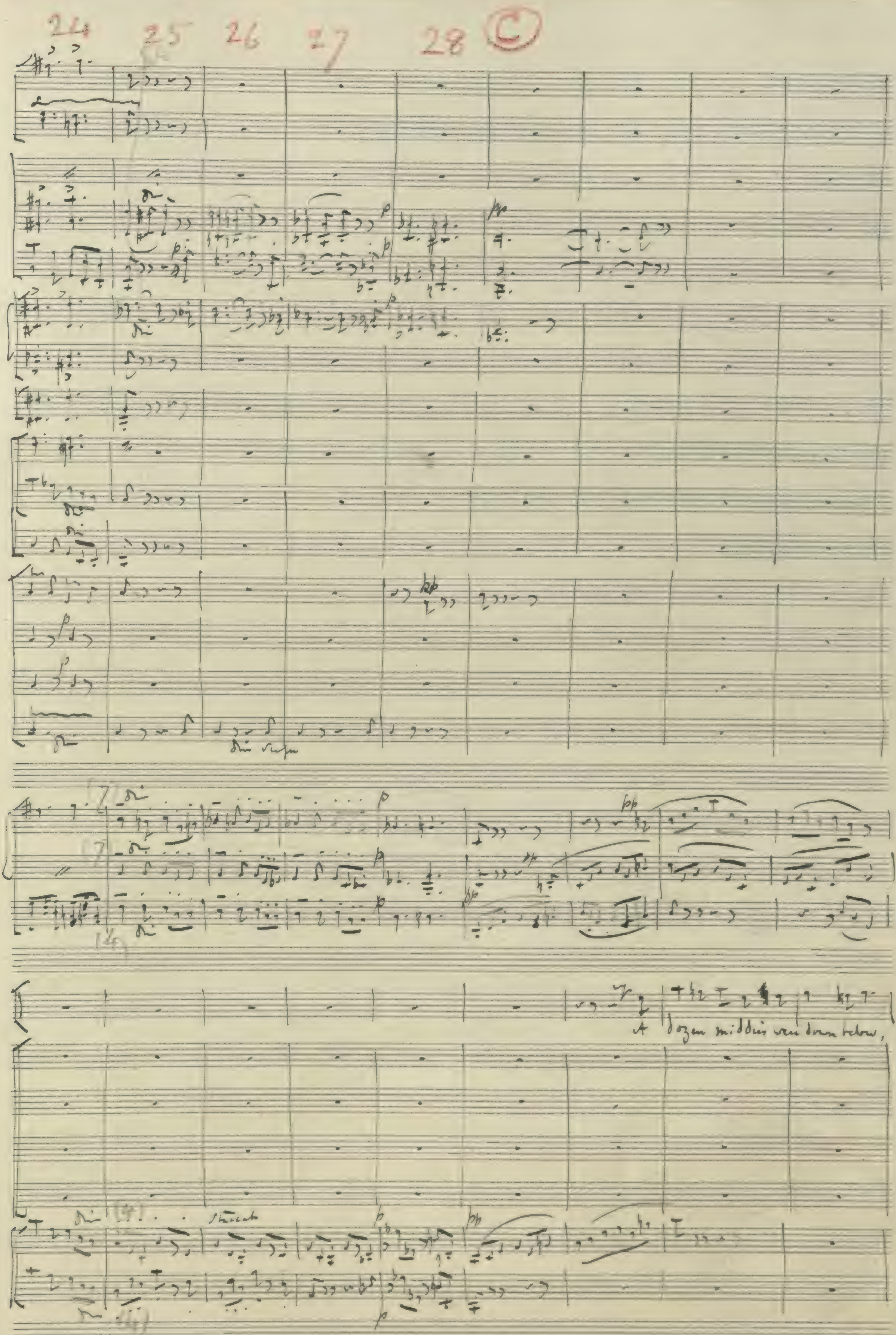

A
Timpani
Arpa
played with the
Fleet as a boy with boats Till
out for the Dawns we ran,

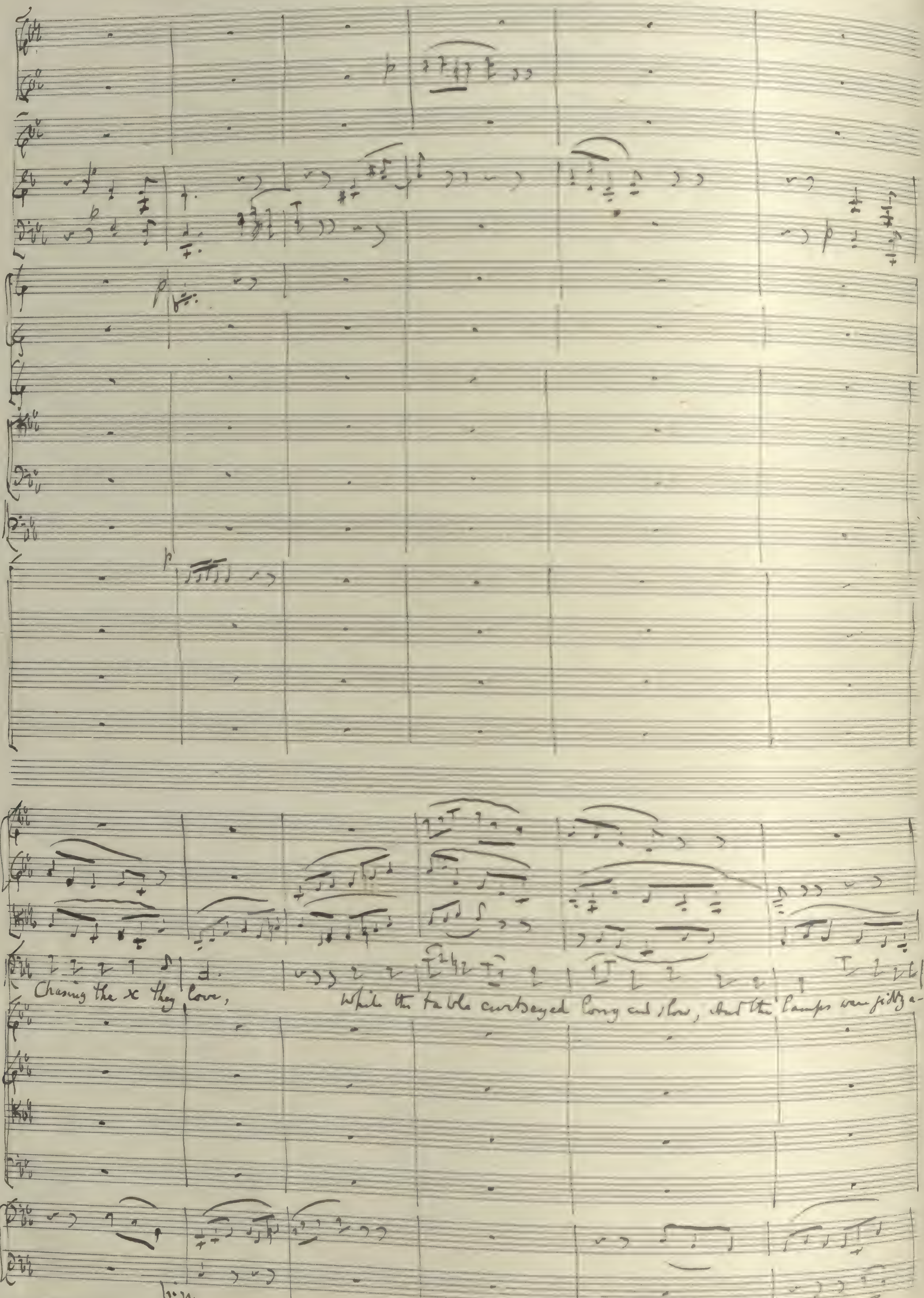

B
pizz
cresc
dim
laughed with the roar of a thousand throats At the militant ways of man
Oh

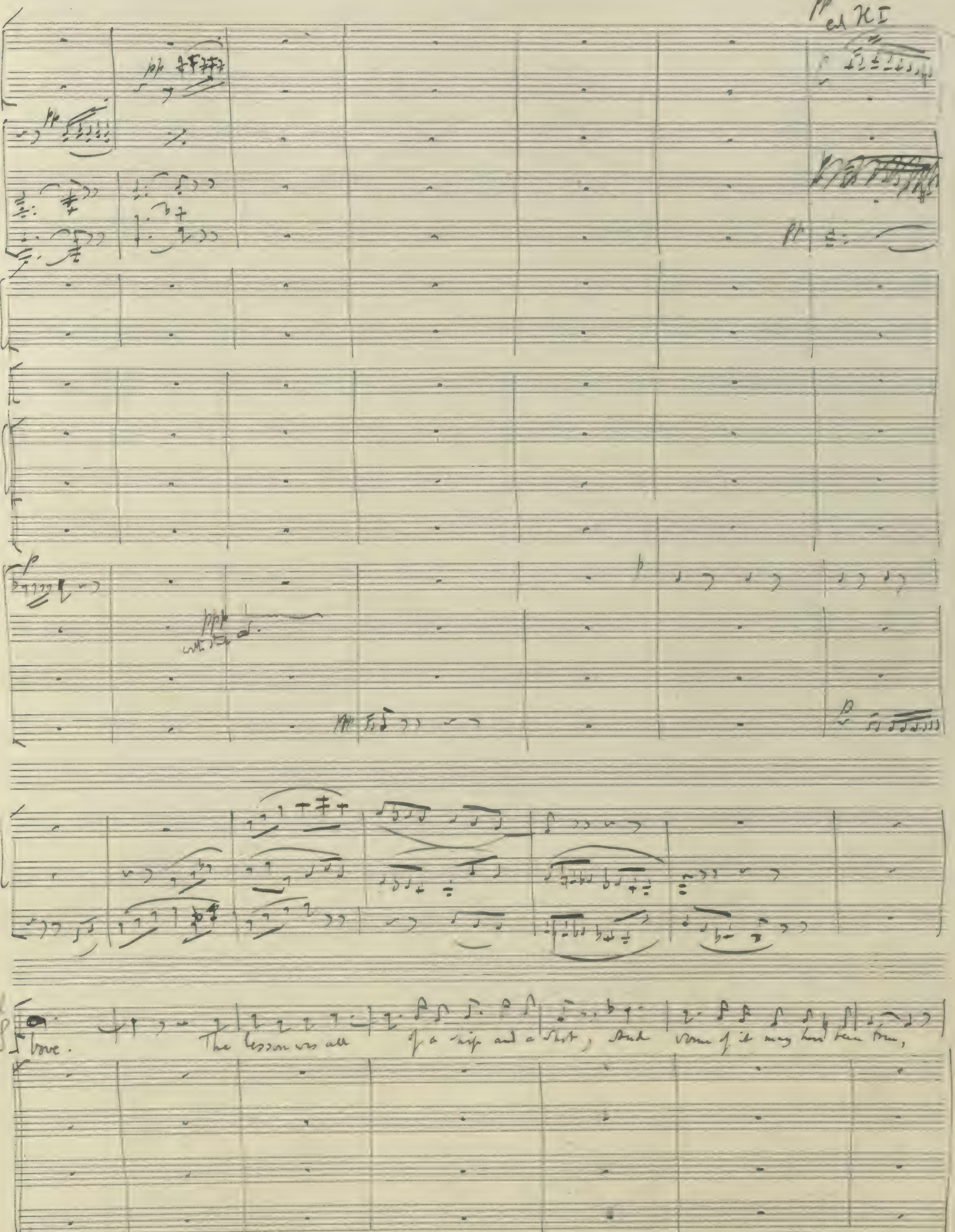

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
col Imo
crescendo
… over the enemy most of might, The other be what you please! Gunner and guns may be all right, Flags a-
Cl. Bassi

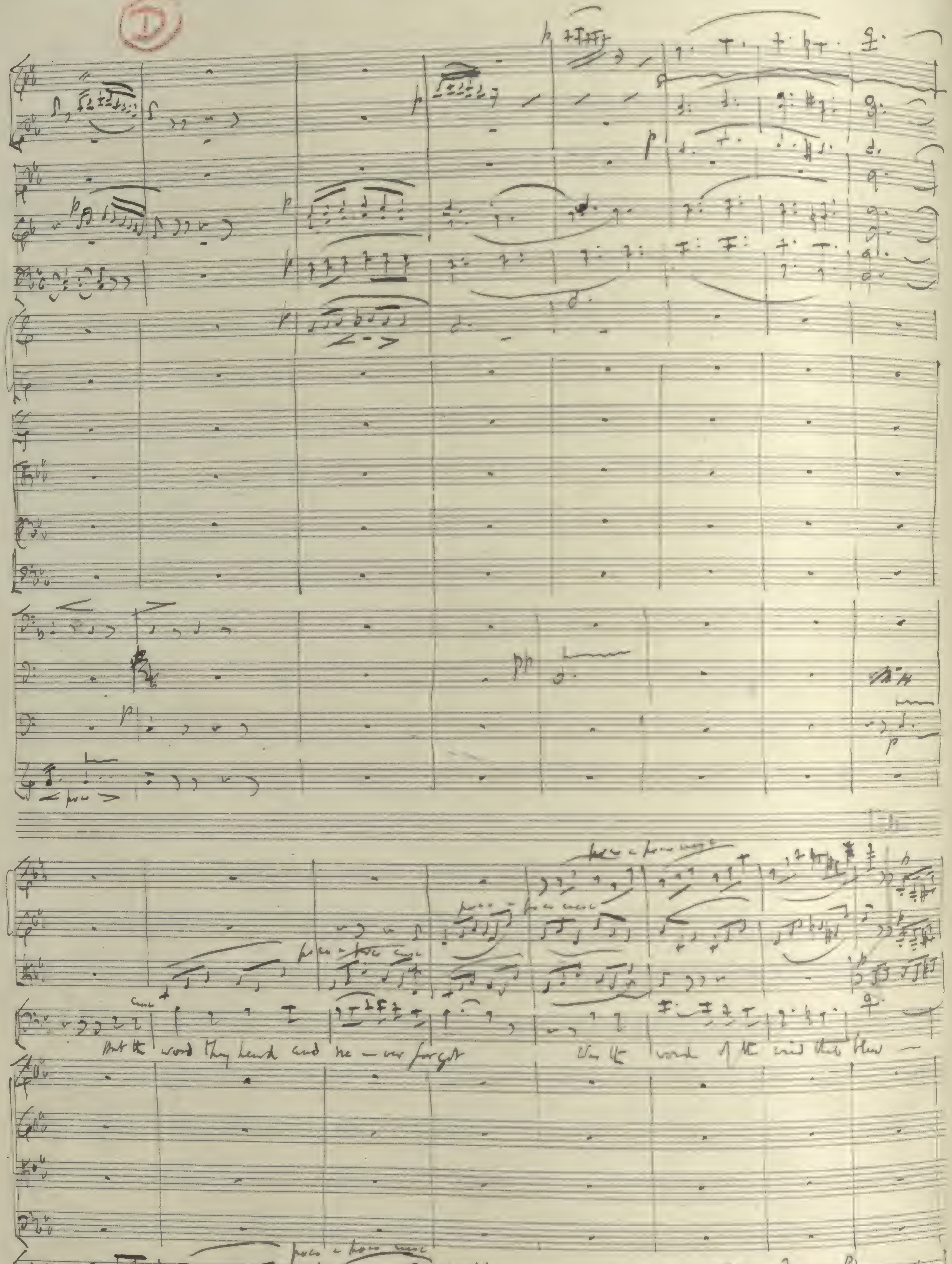

8 9 10 11 12 13 14
fight

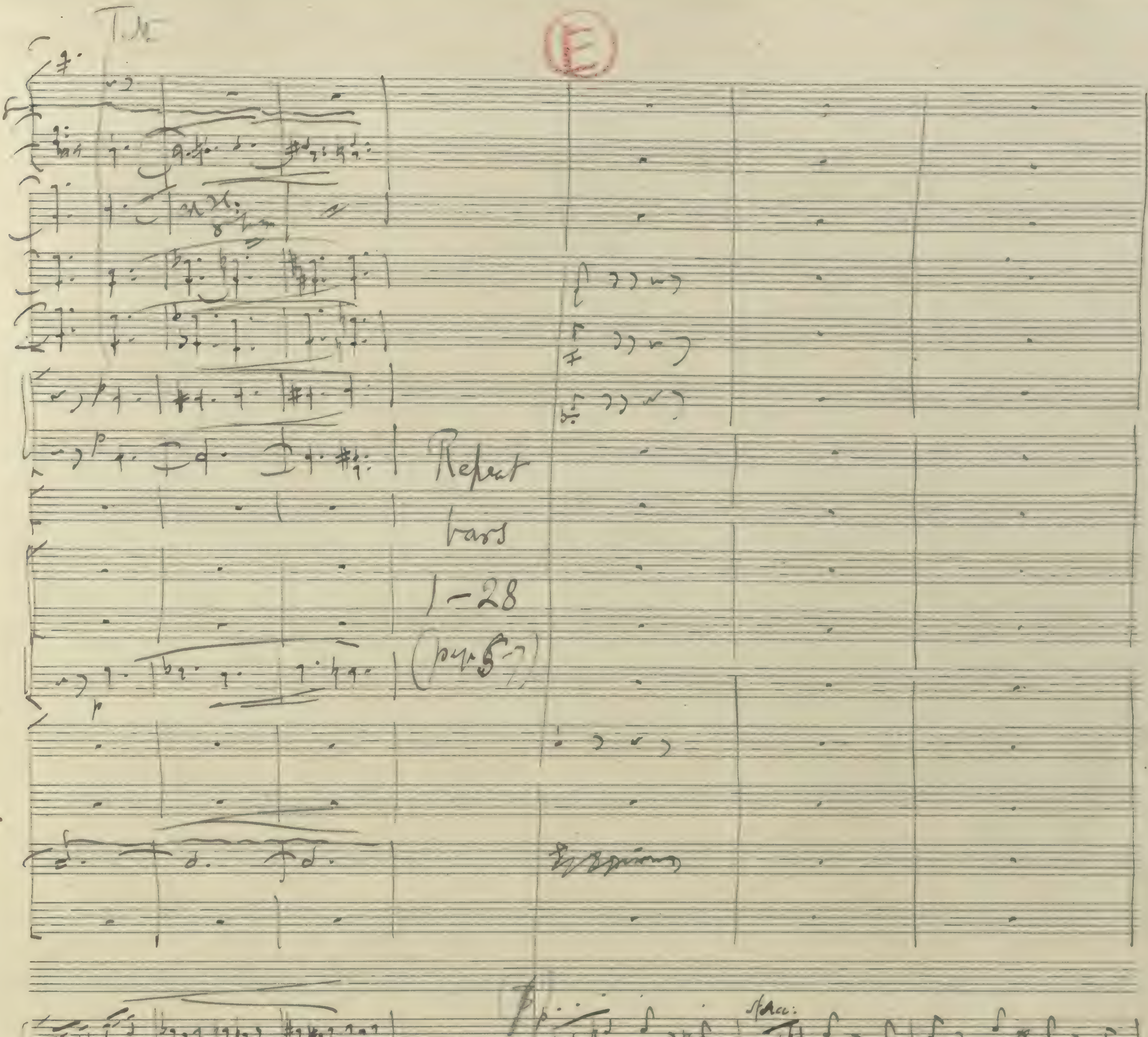

15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23
giant, the giant, the gi-ant that swings
the seas.

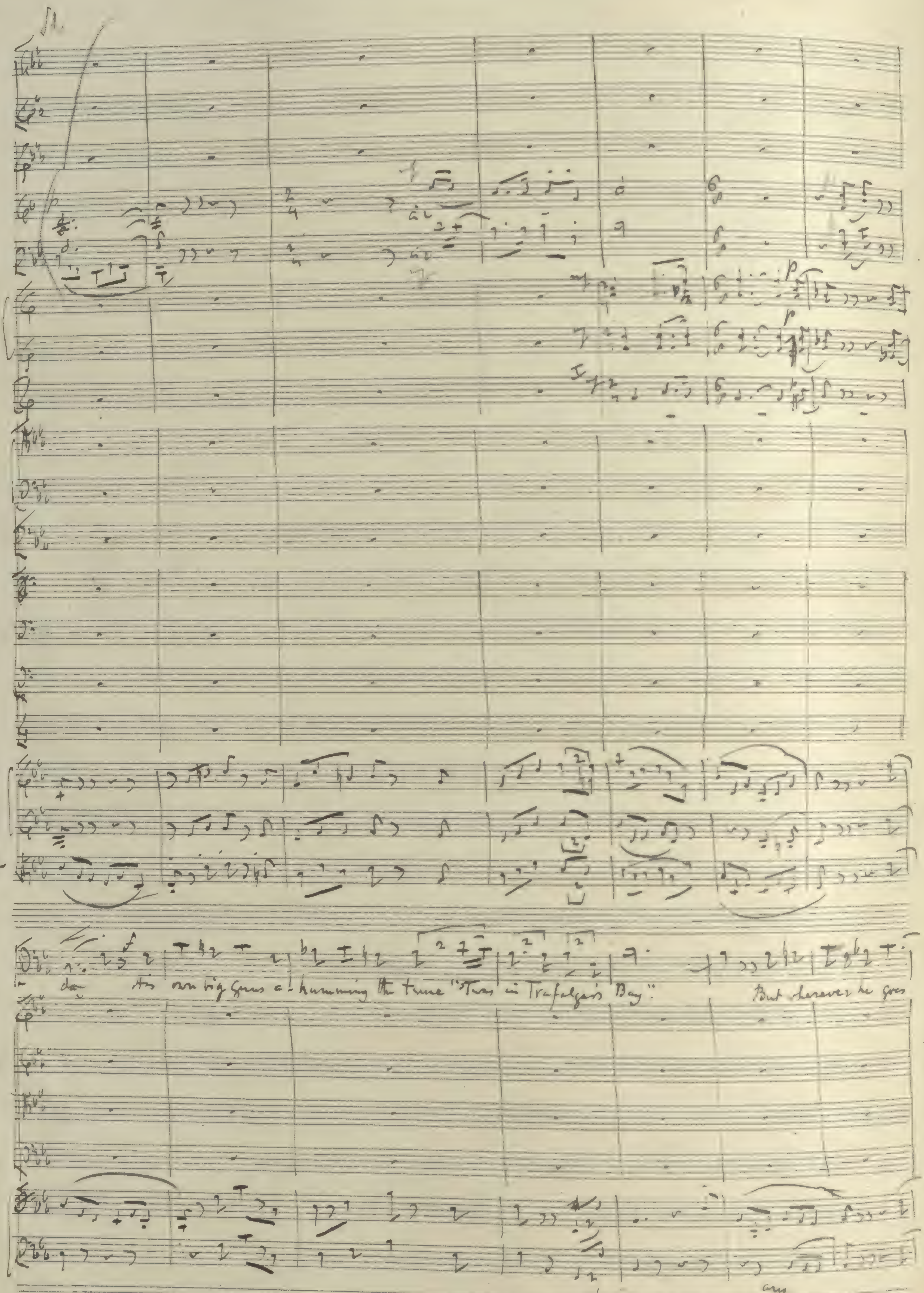

24 25 26 27 28 C
A dozen middies were down below,

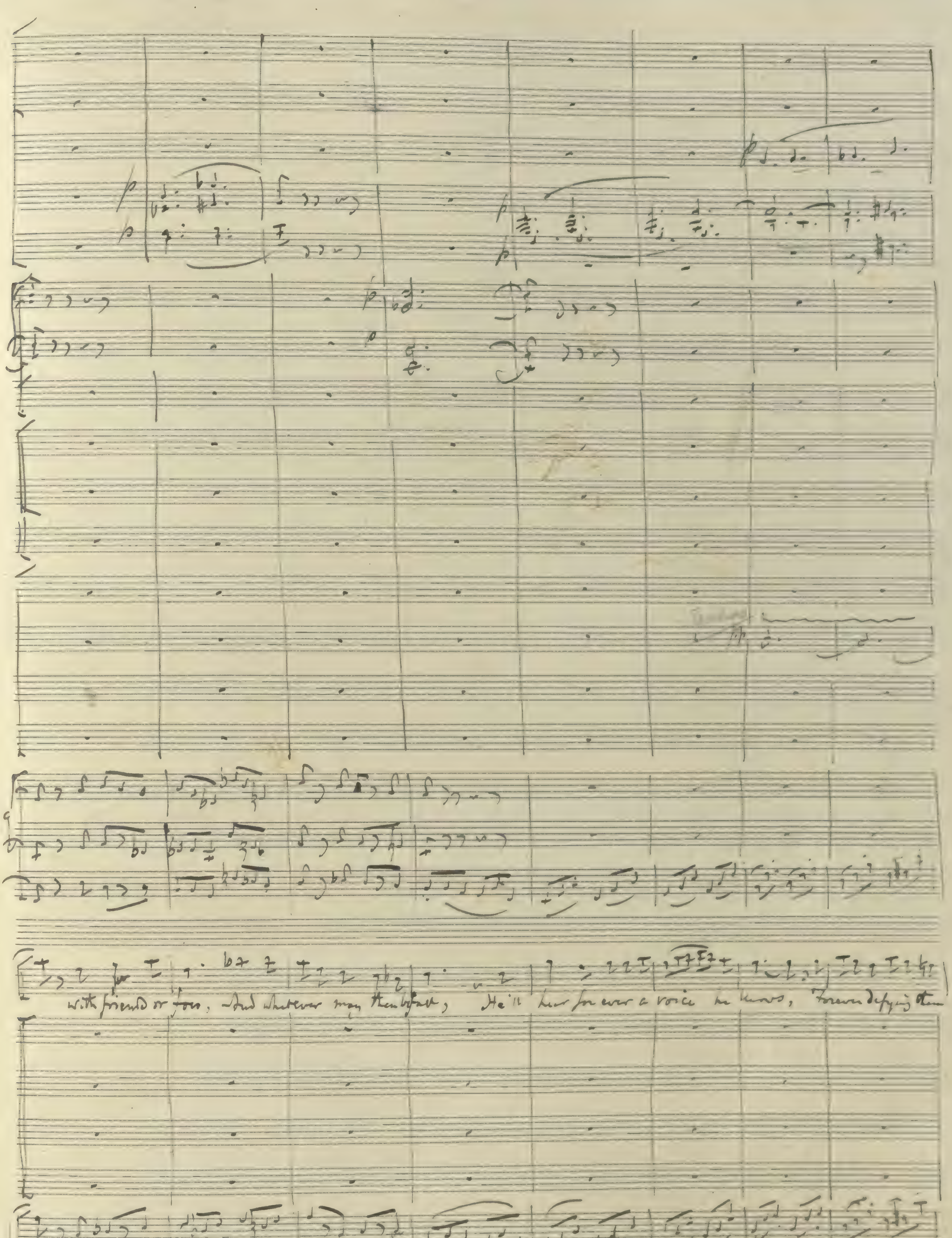

Chasing the x they love,
While the table curtseyed long and slow, And the lamps were

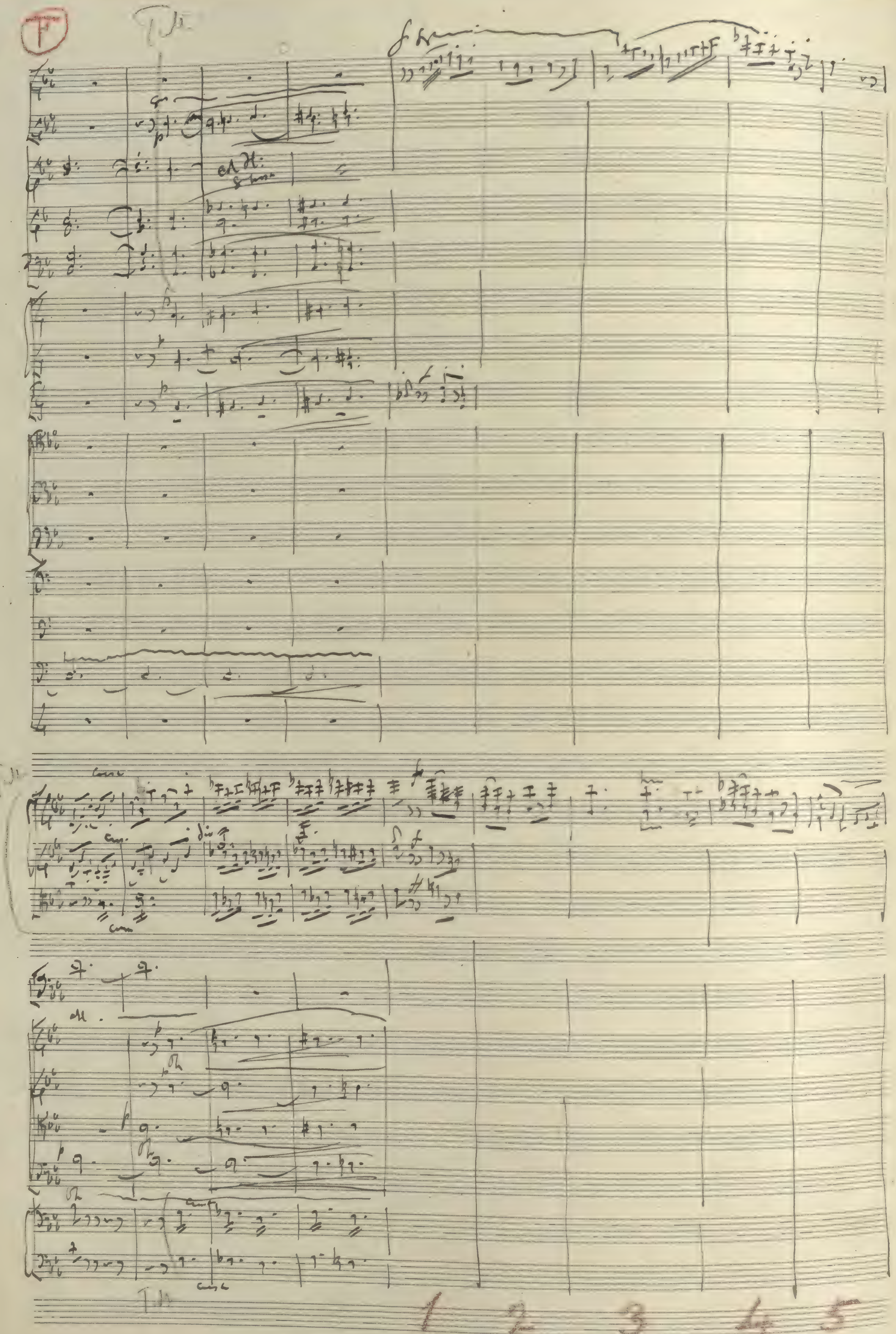

love.
The lesson was all
And some of it may have been true,


But the word they heard and ne – ver forget

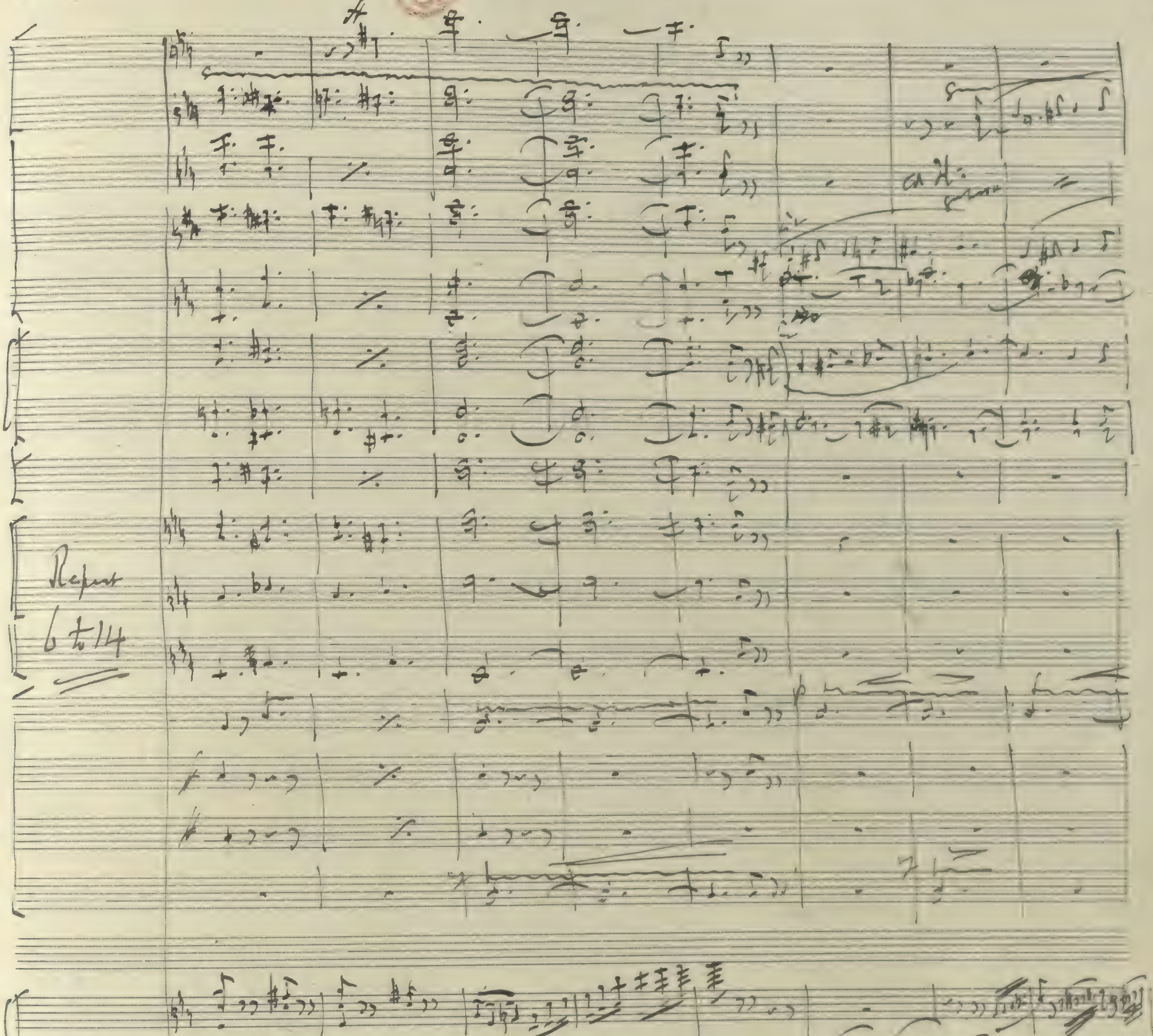

E
Repeat bars 1–28 (pp. 5–7)
Stacc:
The middy with luck is a Captain soon, With luck he may lear one

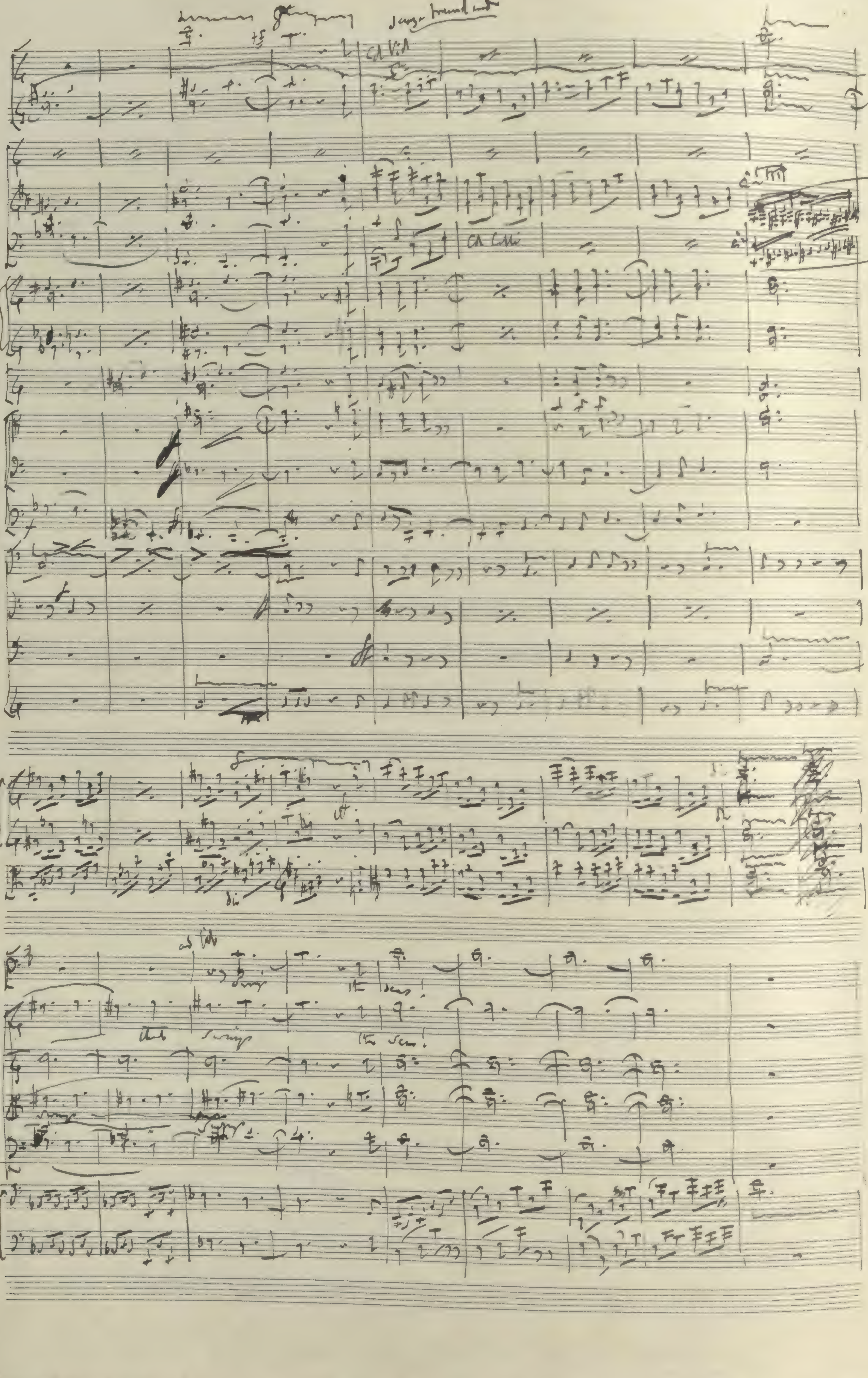

Vl. 1
Vl. 2
Vla
day His own big guns a-humming the tune "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."
But wherever he goes

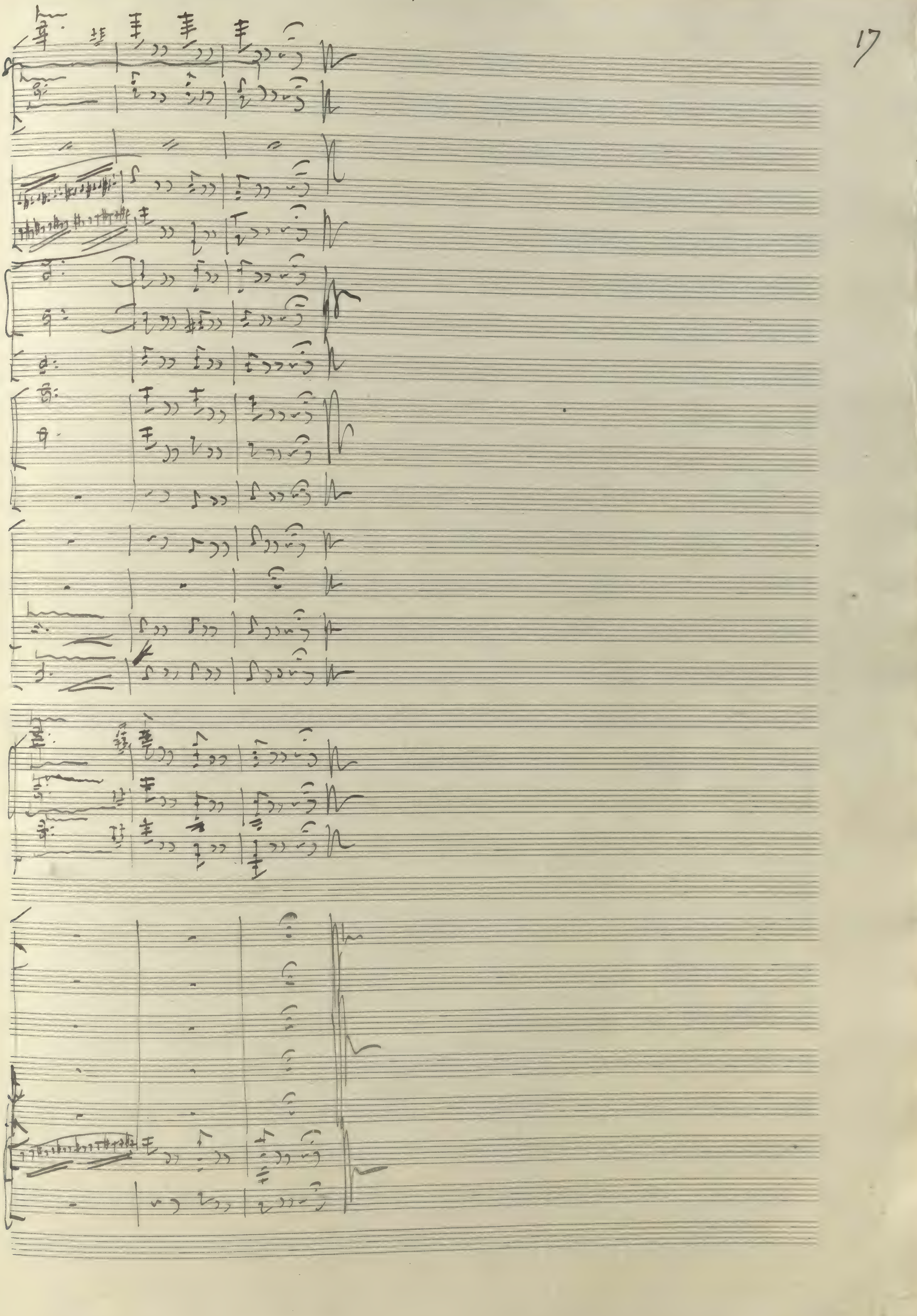

with friends or foes, And whatever may thee befall, He'll hear forever a voice he knows, Forever defying them
piu



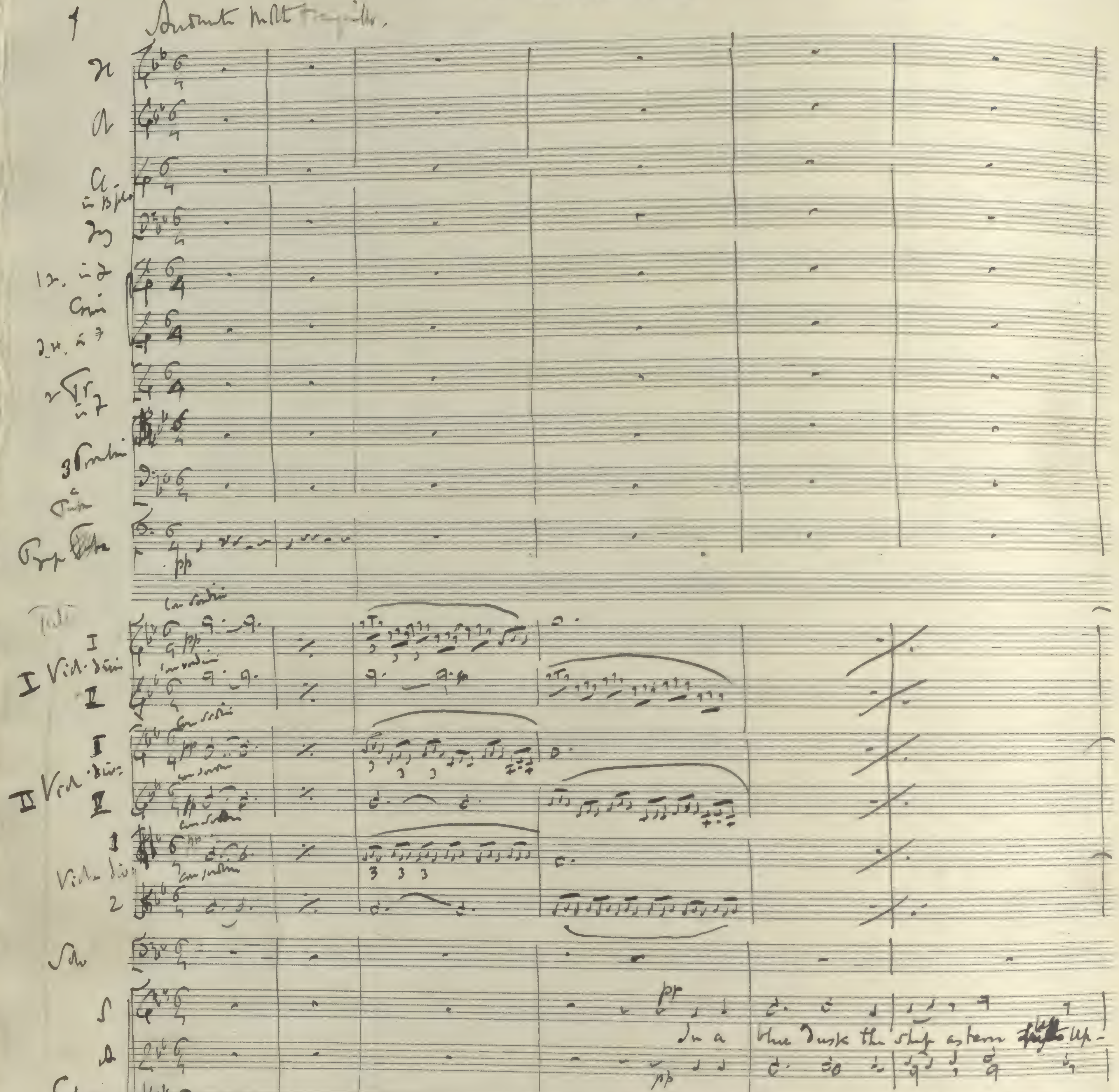
(Copy all the other parts as on page 5.)

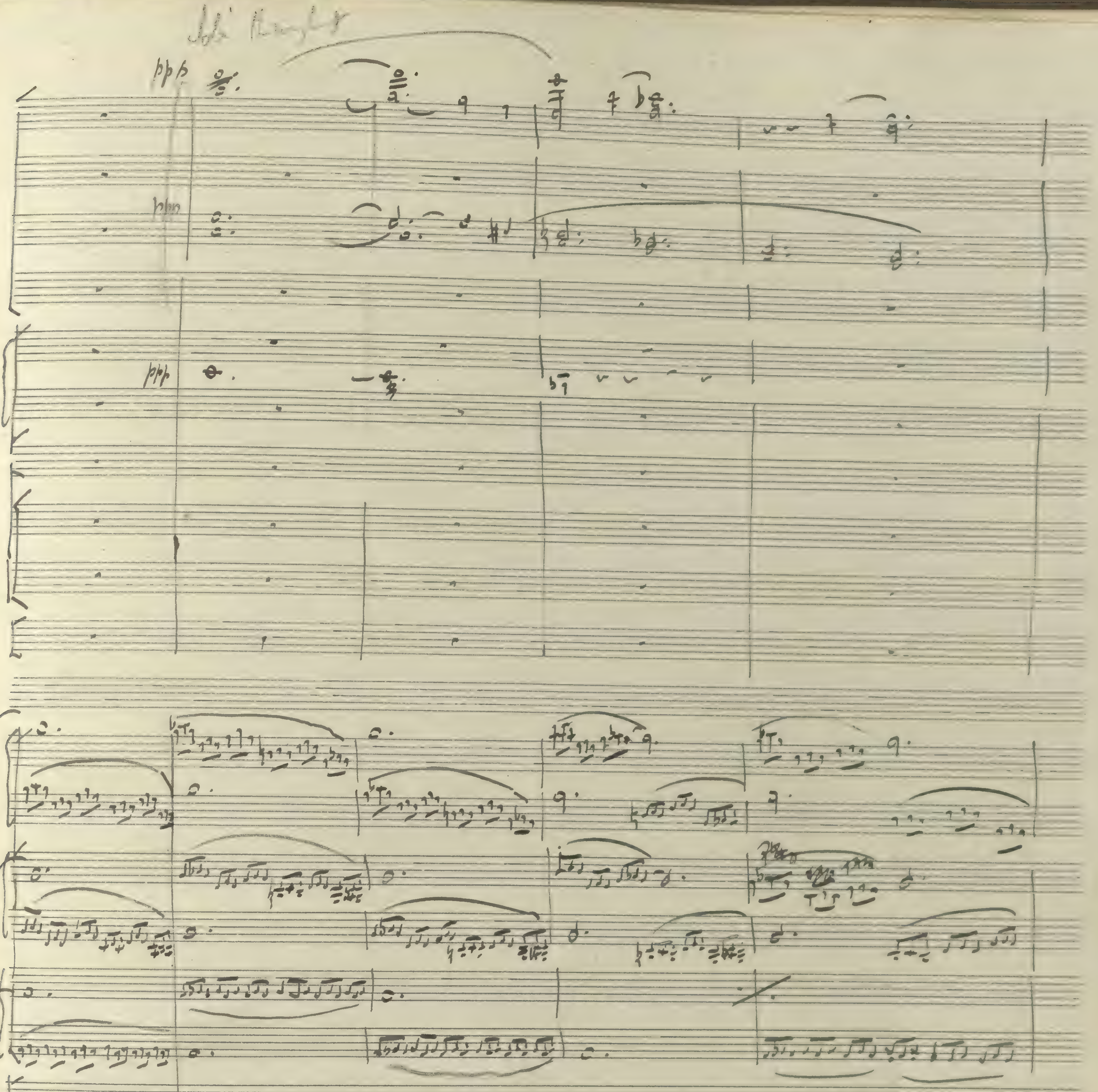

Repeat
6 to 14

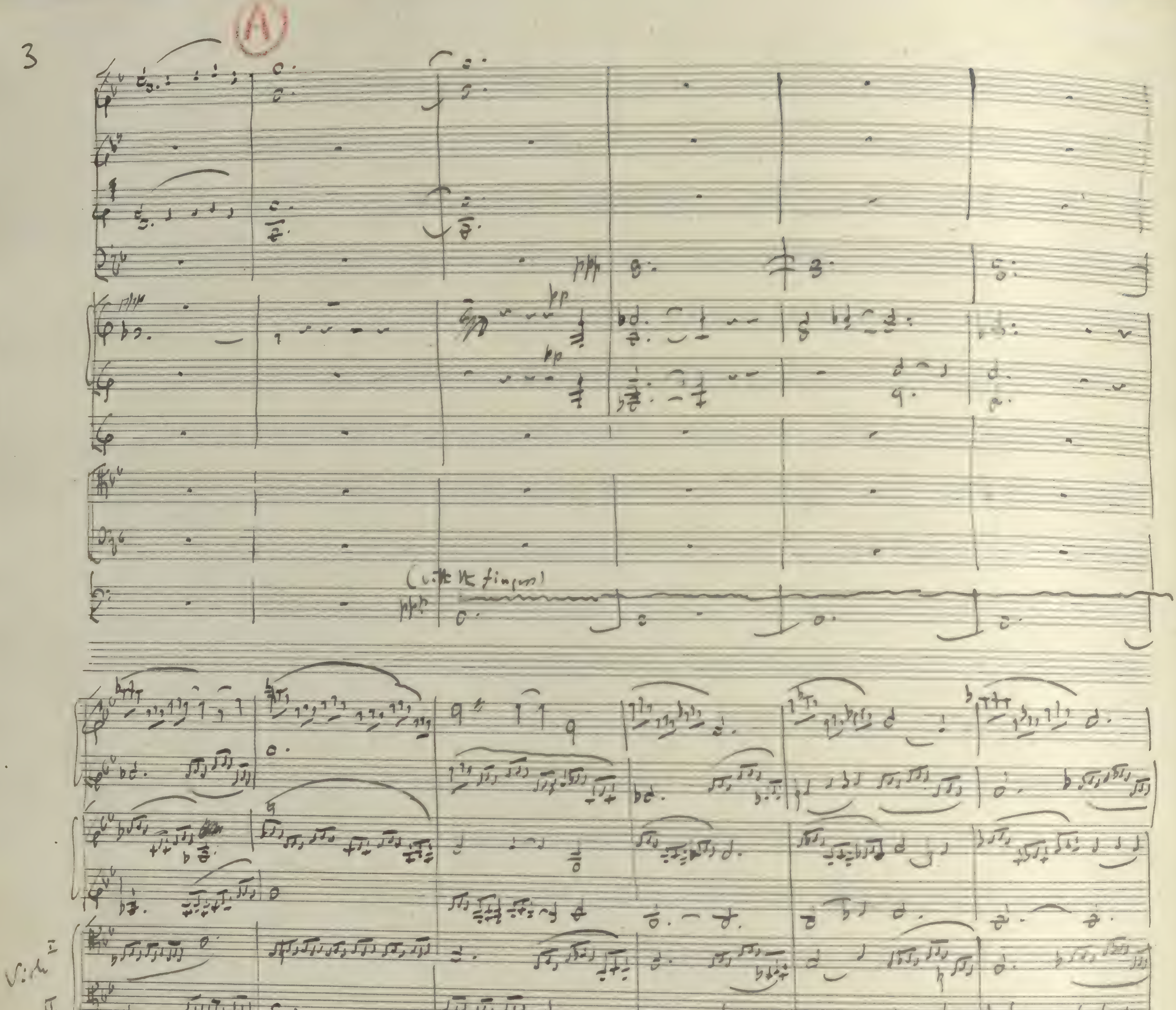


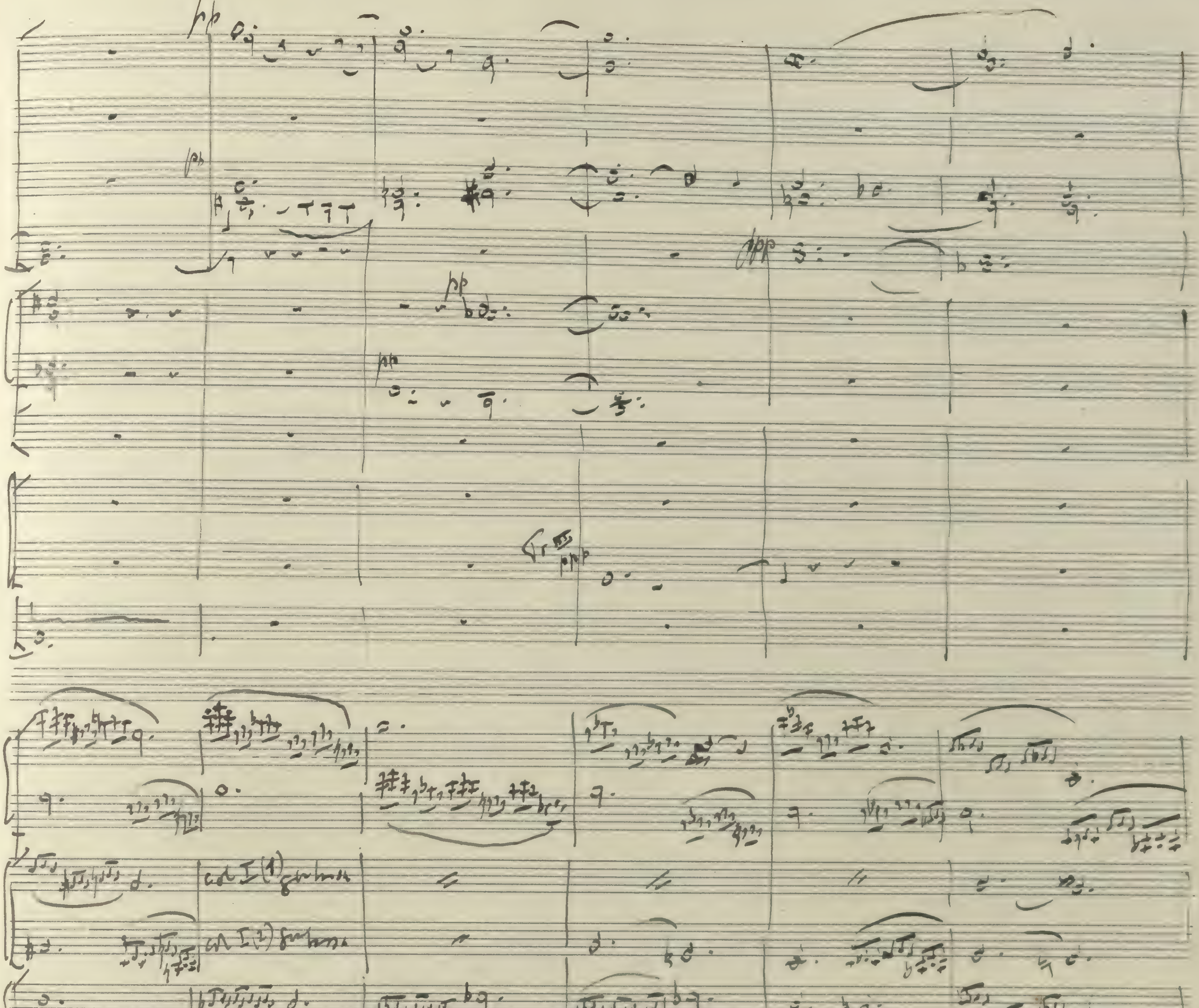


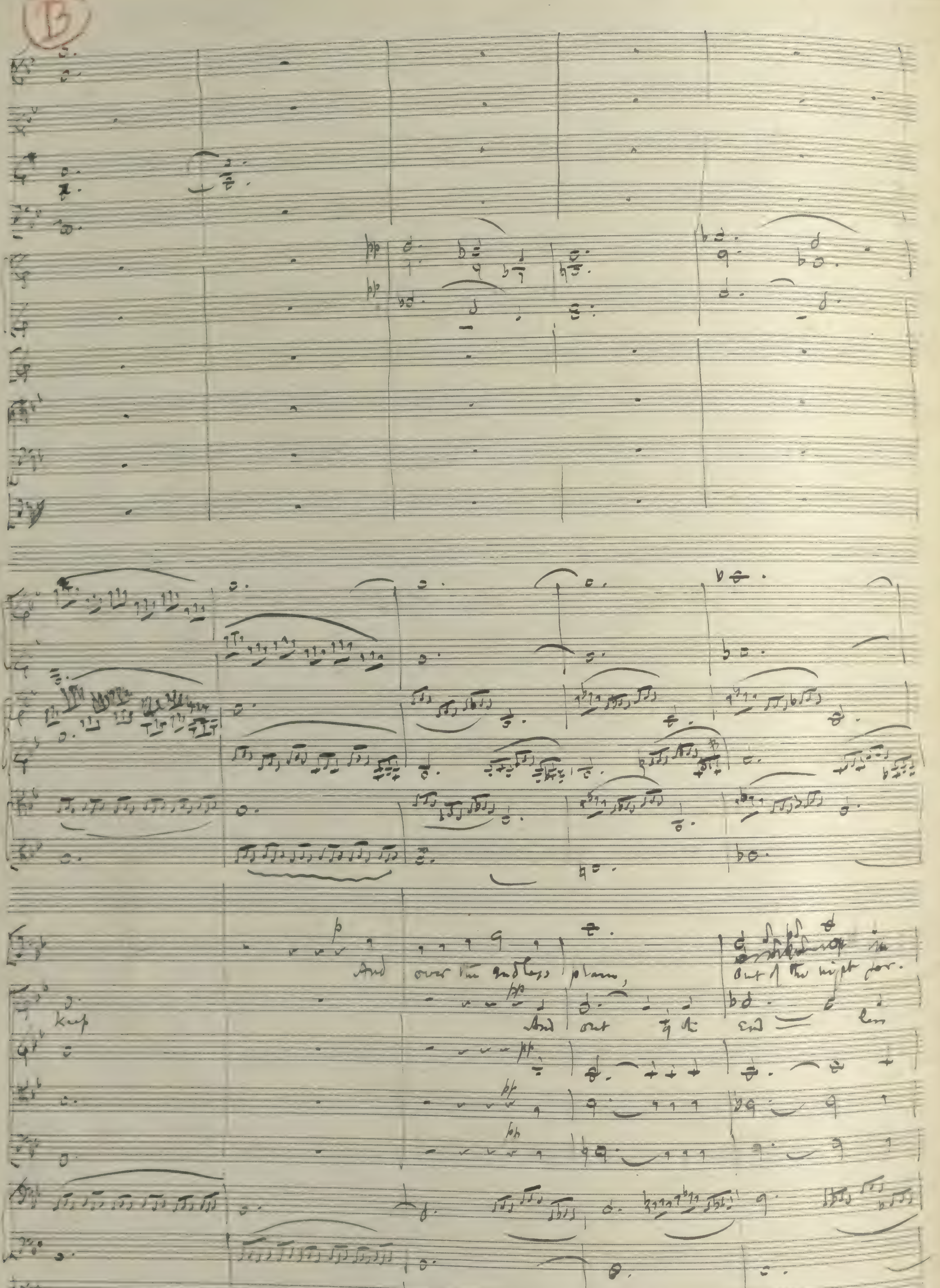
The Middle Watch

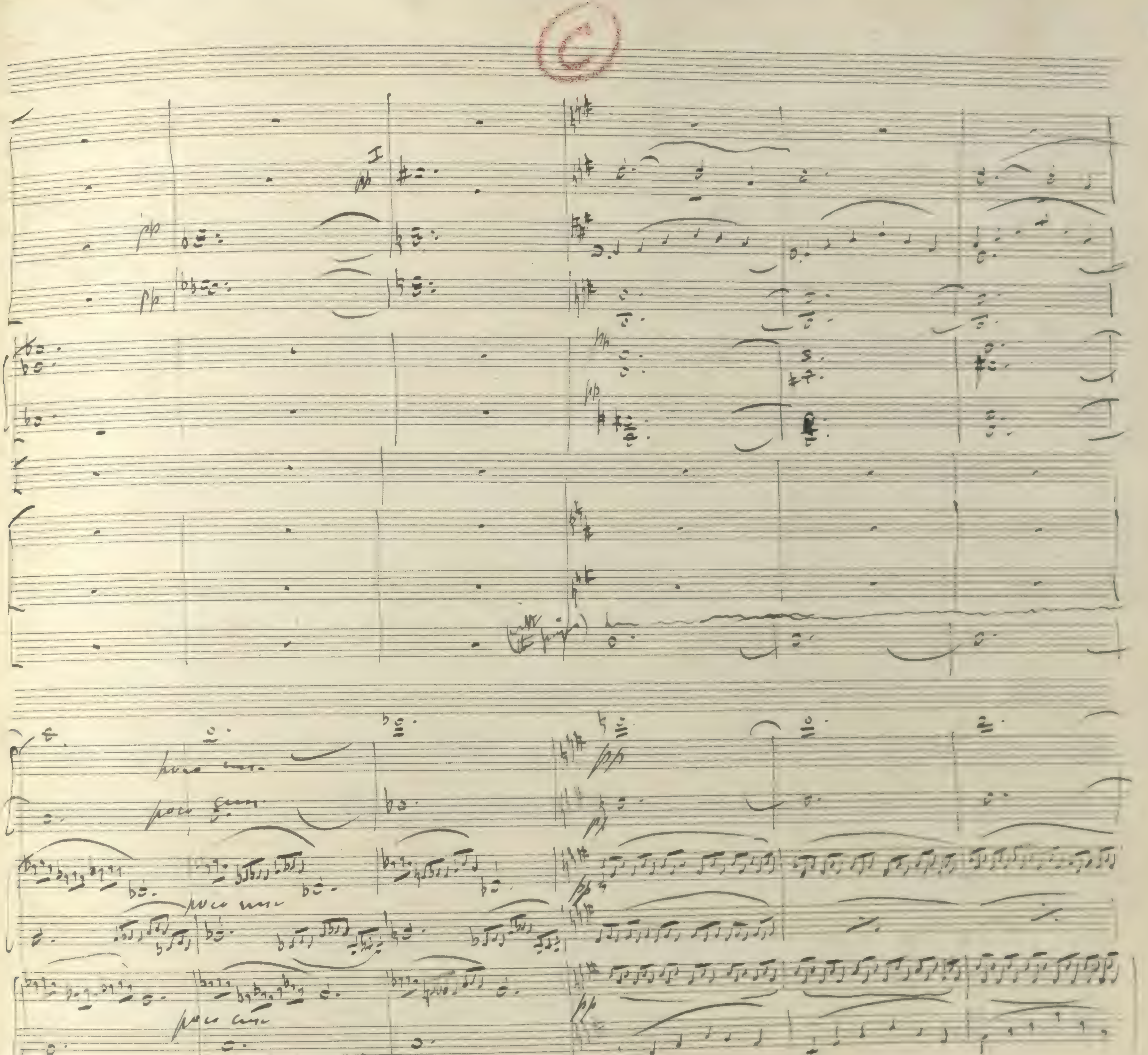


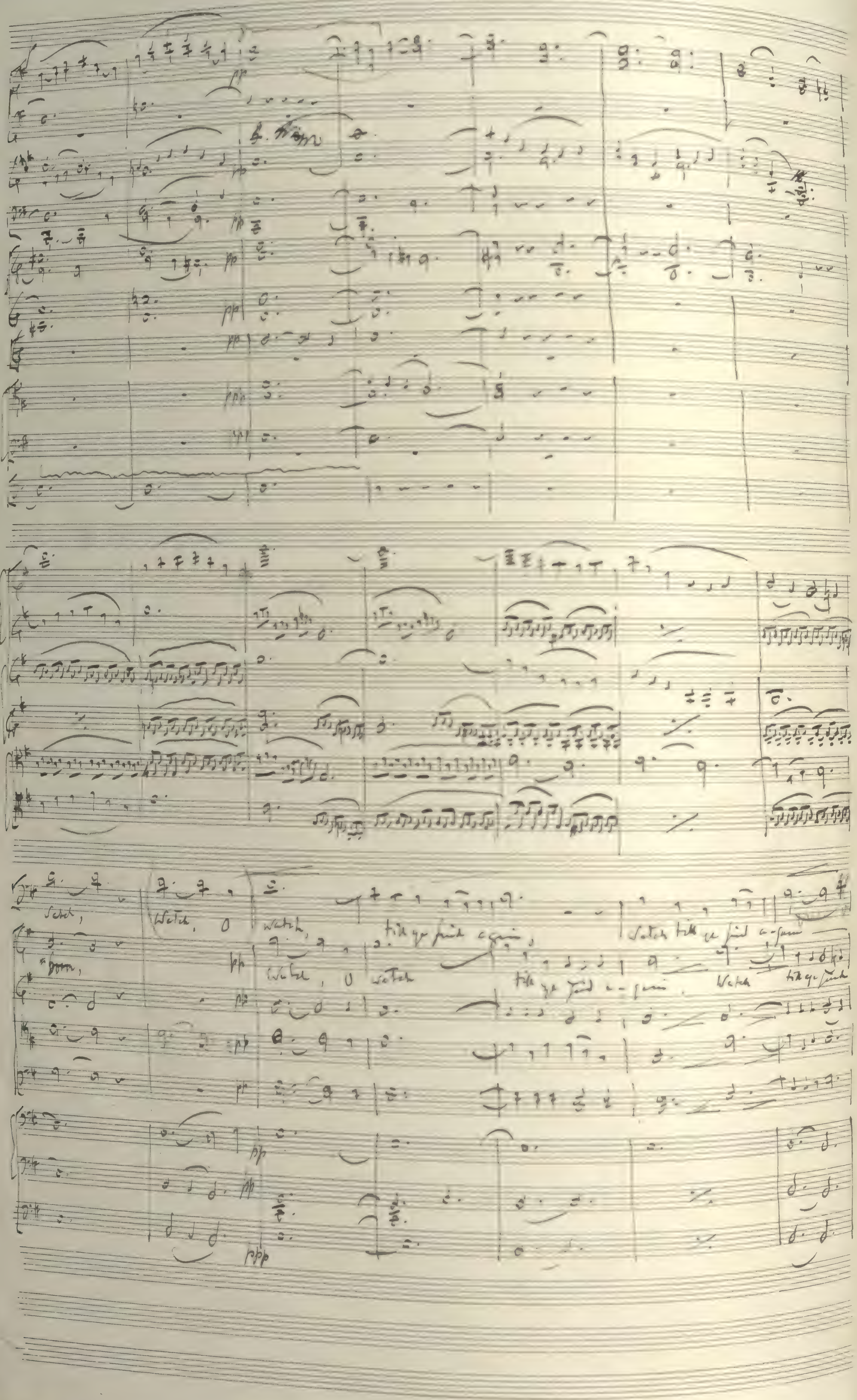

lifts her slender spars,
With golden lights that seem to burn a-

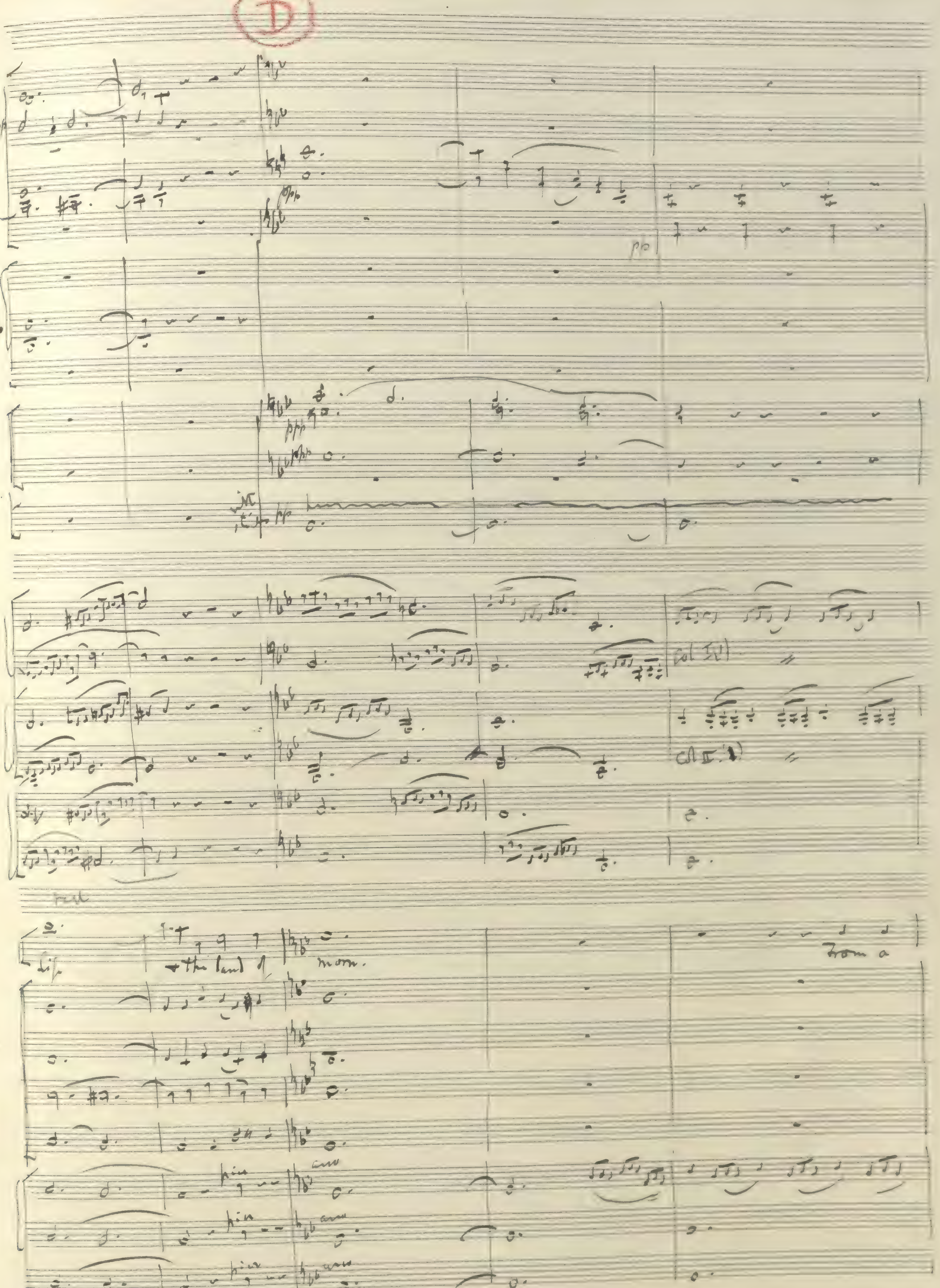

A
pp
pp
(with the fingers)
ppp
Vla I
II
-mong the silver stars.
Like

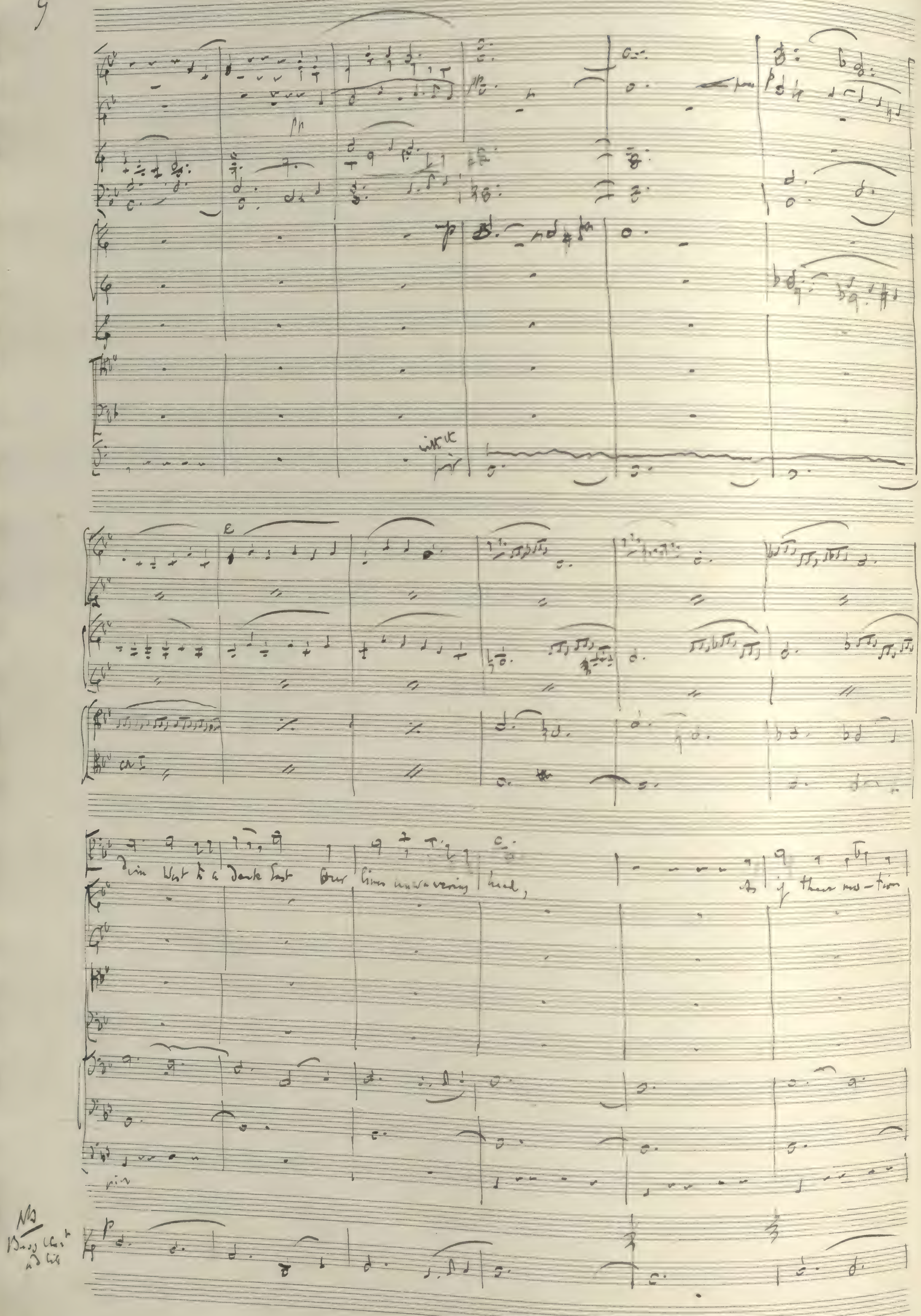

sleep, — Like planets on the o-cean floor Our si-lent course we

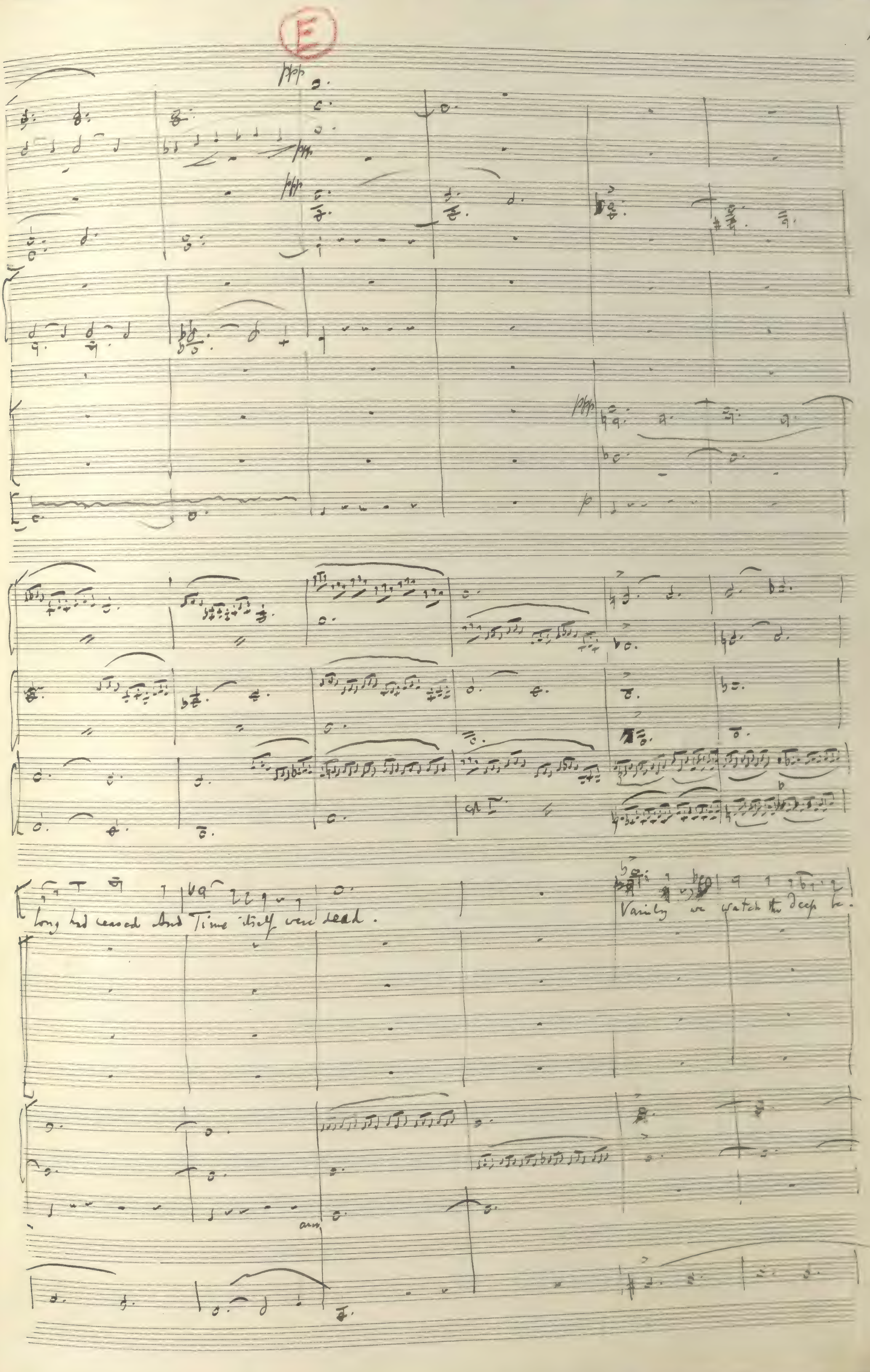

B
And over the endless plain,
Out of the night far.
And out of it

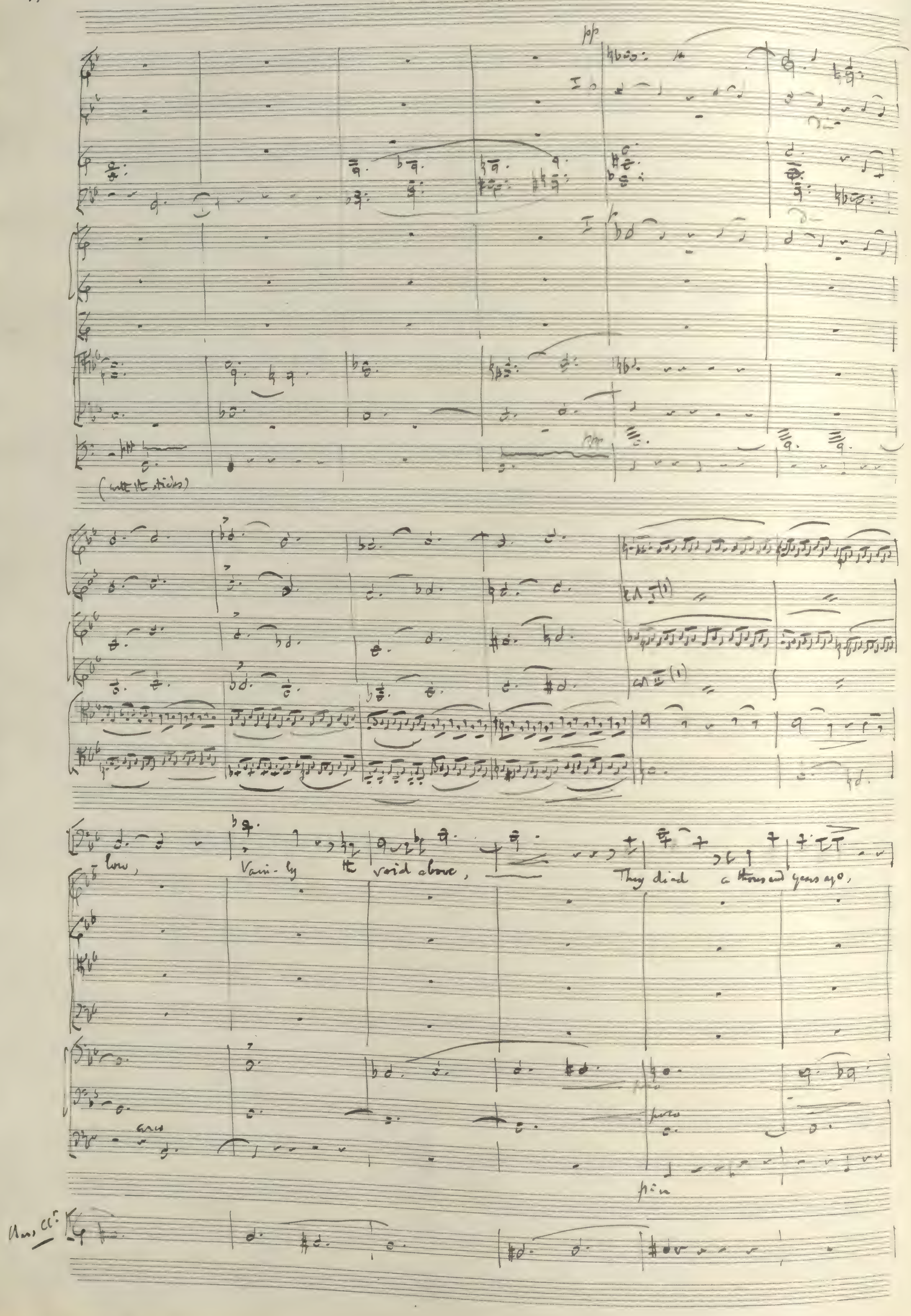

poco cresc
Ri - se a faint re - frain,
A Song of the day to come,
Ri - se a faint refrain,
Watch,
O watch,
pp

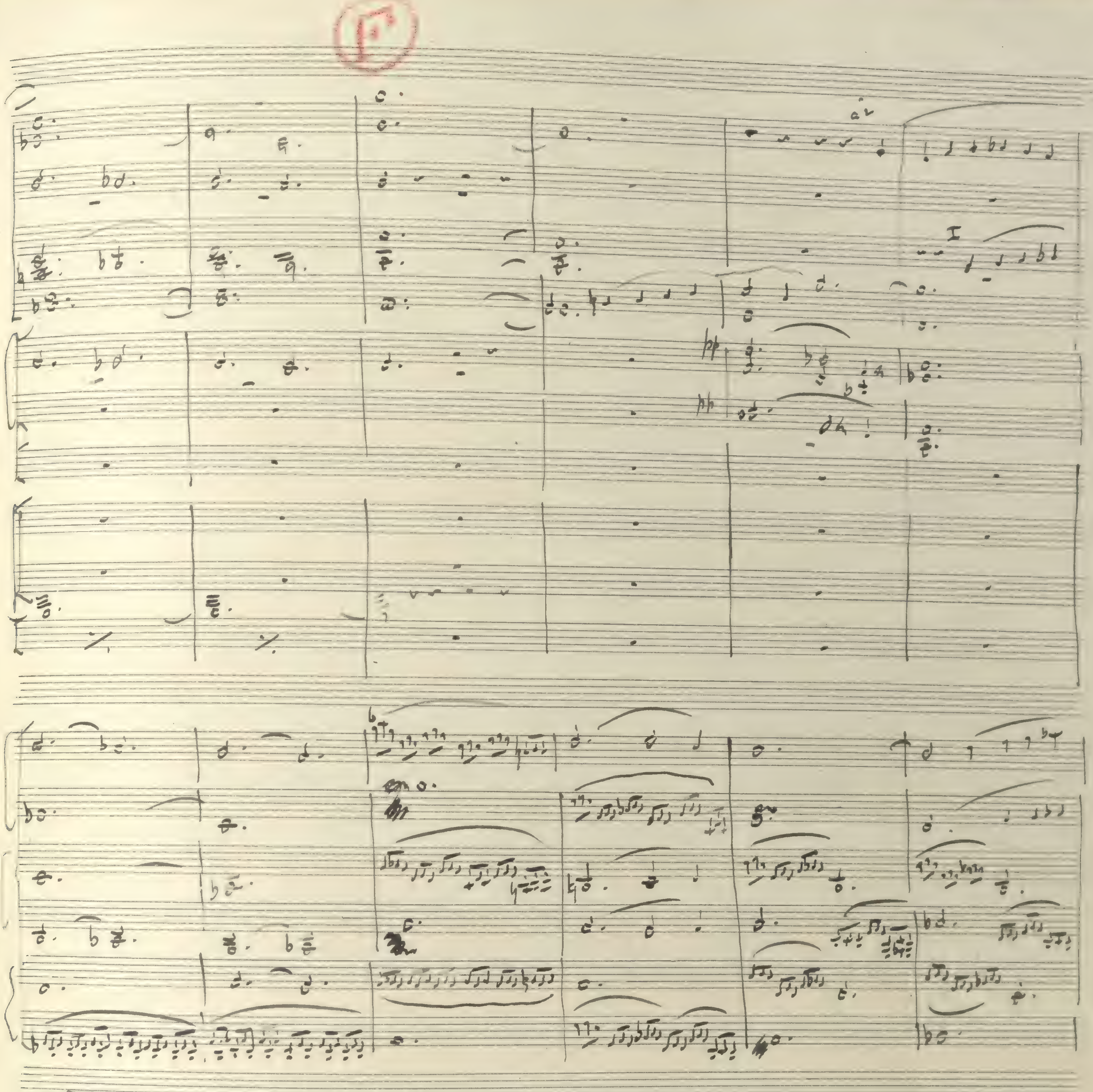

Watch, O watch, till ye find a-gain, Watch till ye find a-gain
Watch, O watch till ye find a-gain. Watch till ye find

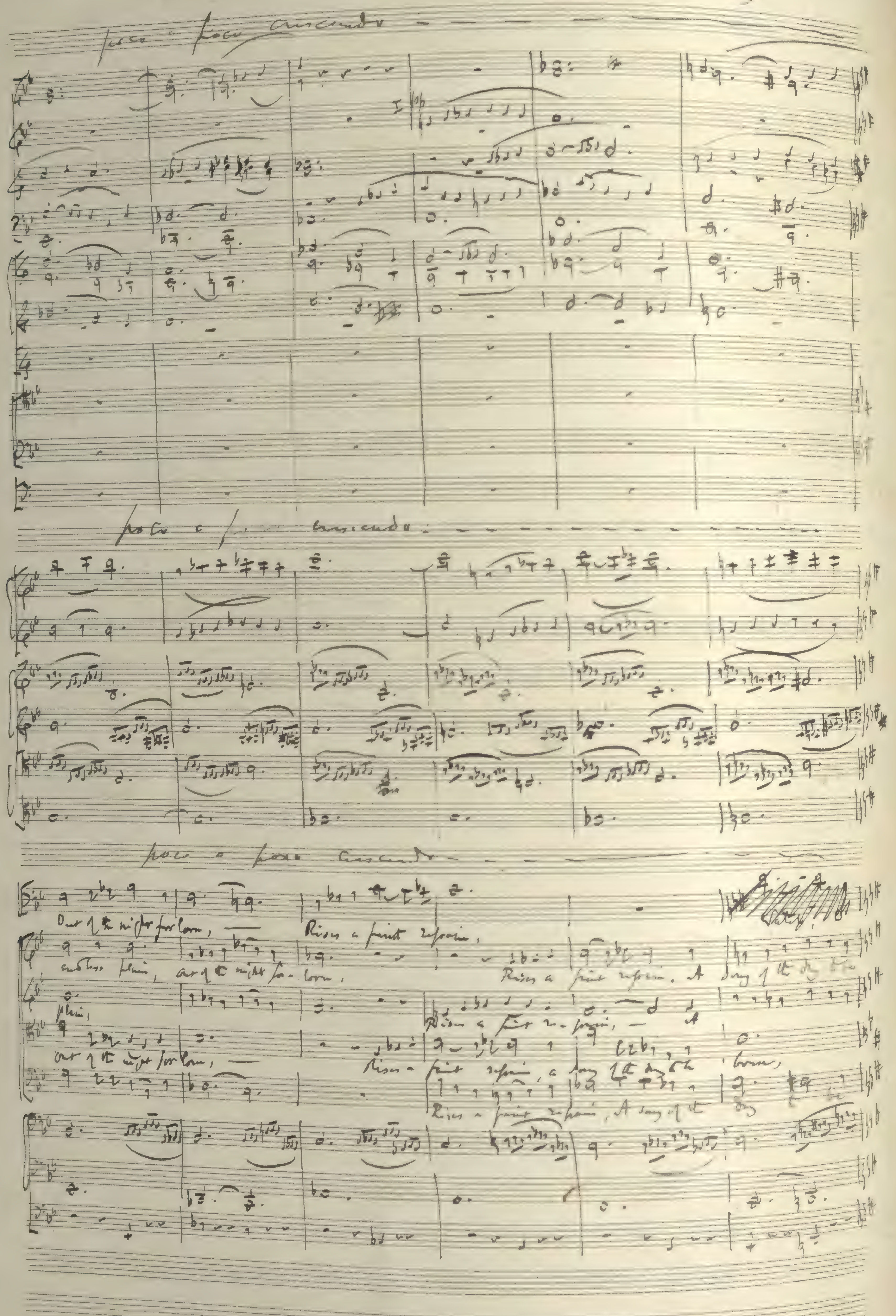

D
the land of
morn.
from a

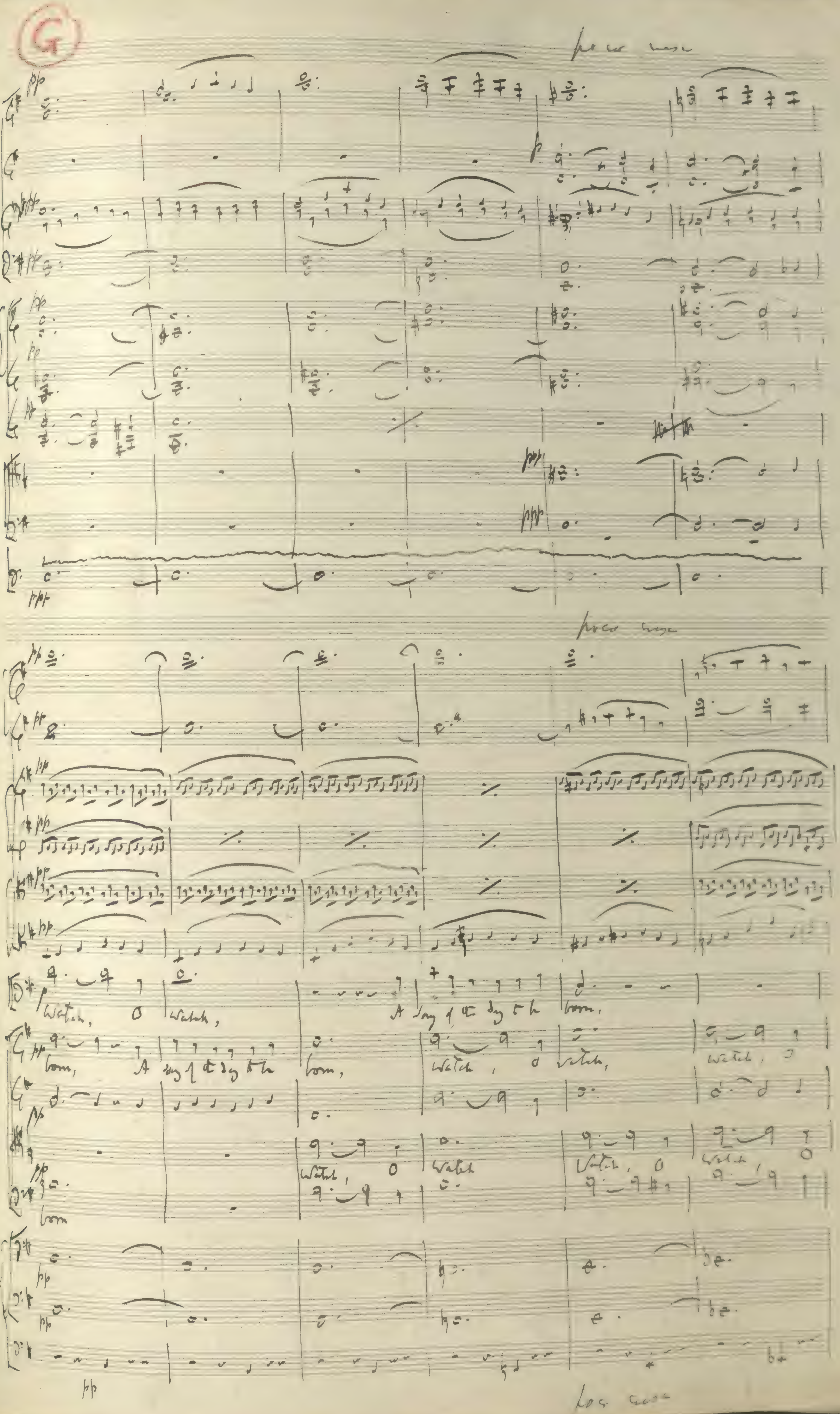

pp
head,
As if
NB

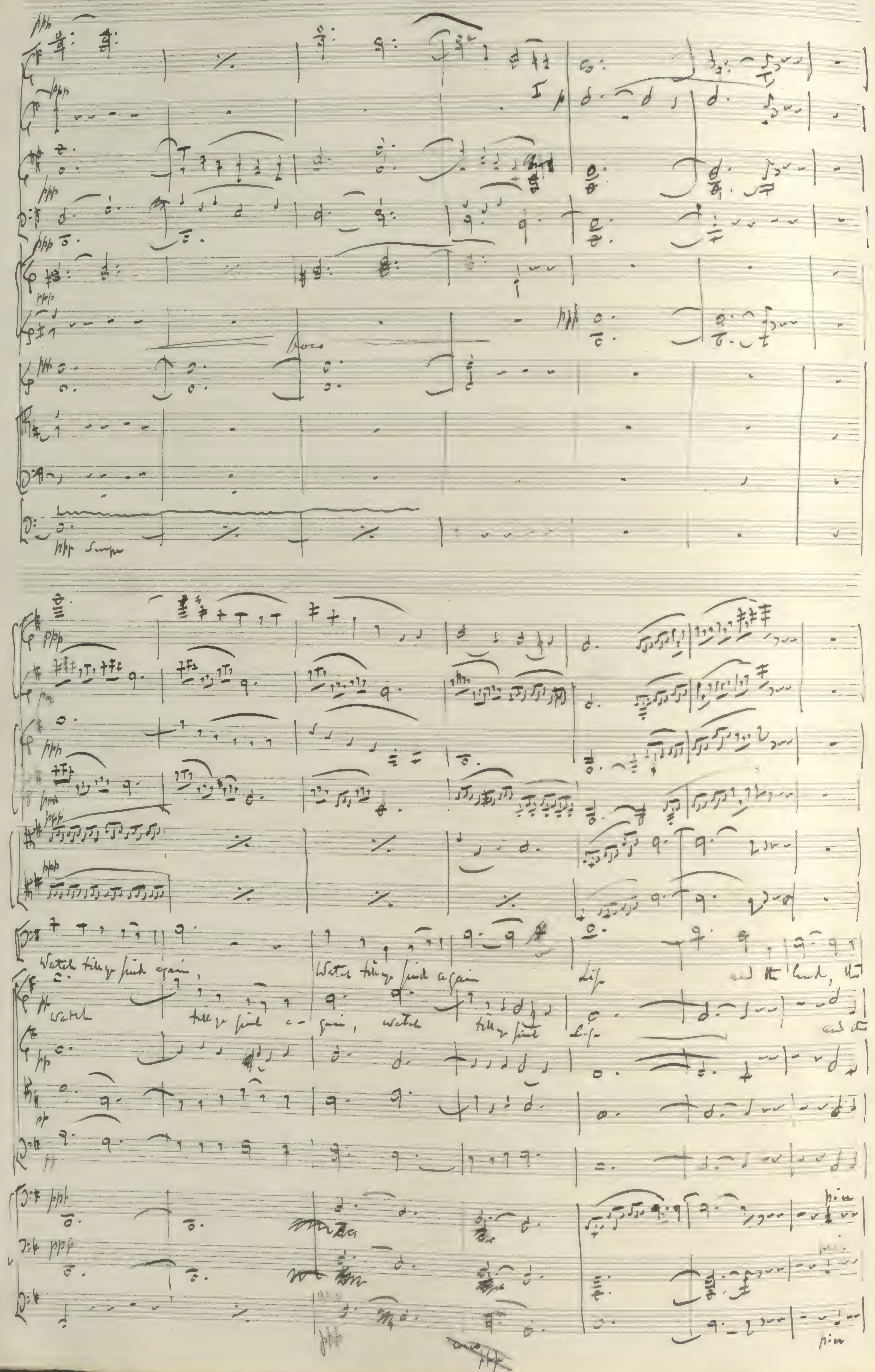

E
ppp
ppp
ppp
p
Long had ceased And Time itself were dead.
Vainly we watch the deep be-

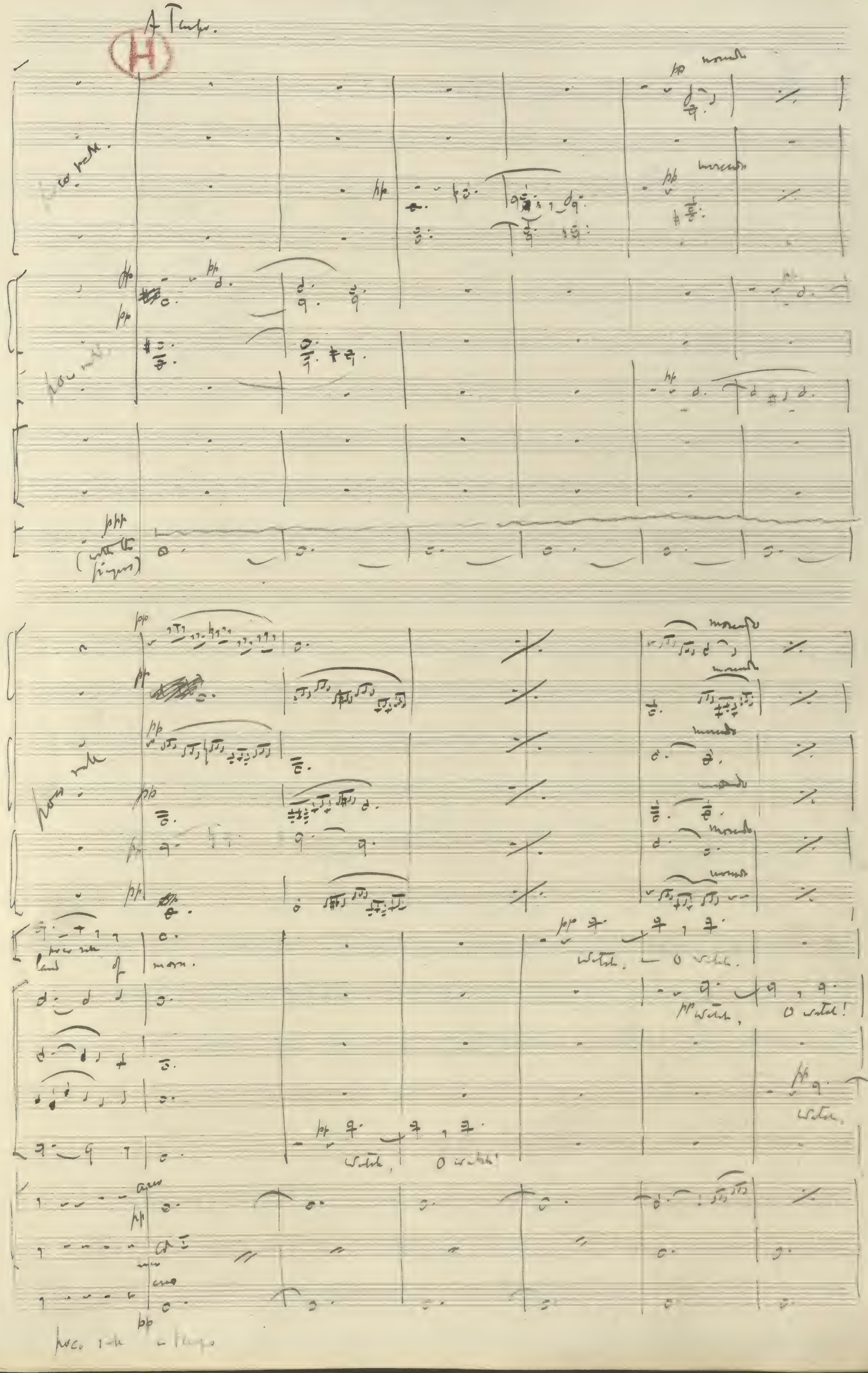

pp
(with the sticks)
low, Vainly the void above, They died a thousand years ago,
arco
pizz
Bass Cl.

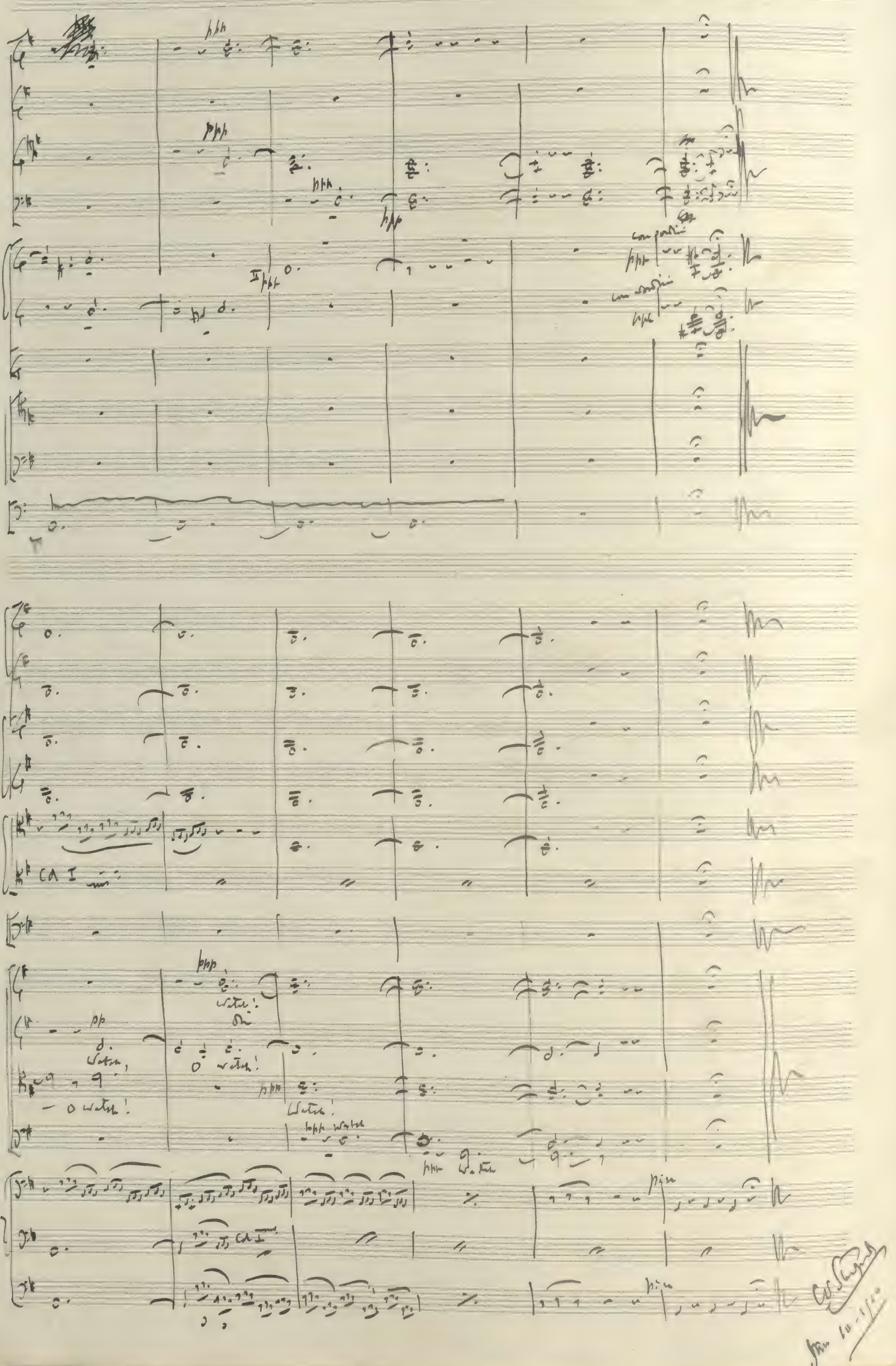

F
Life and the land we love.
And o-ver the endless plain,
pp
And over the end-less endless plain,
pp
And over the endless plain,
pp
And over the endless plain,


poco a poco crescendo
poco a poco crescendo
poco a poco crescendo
Out of the night forlorn,
Rises a faint refrain,
endless plain, out of the night forlorn,
Rises a faint refrain. A song of the
plain,
Rises a faint refrain, — A
Out of the night forlorn,
Rises a faint refrain, a song of the
Rises a faint refrain, A song of the

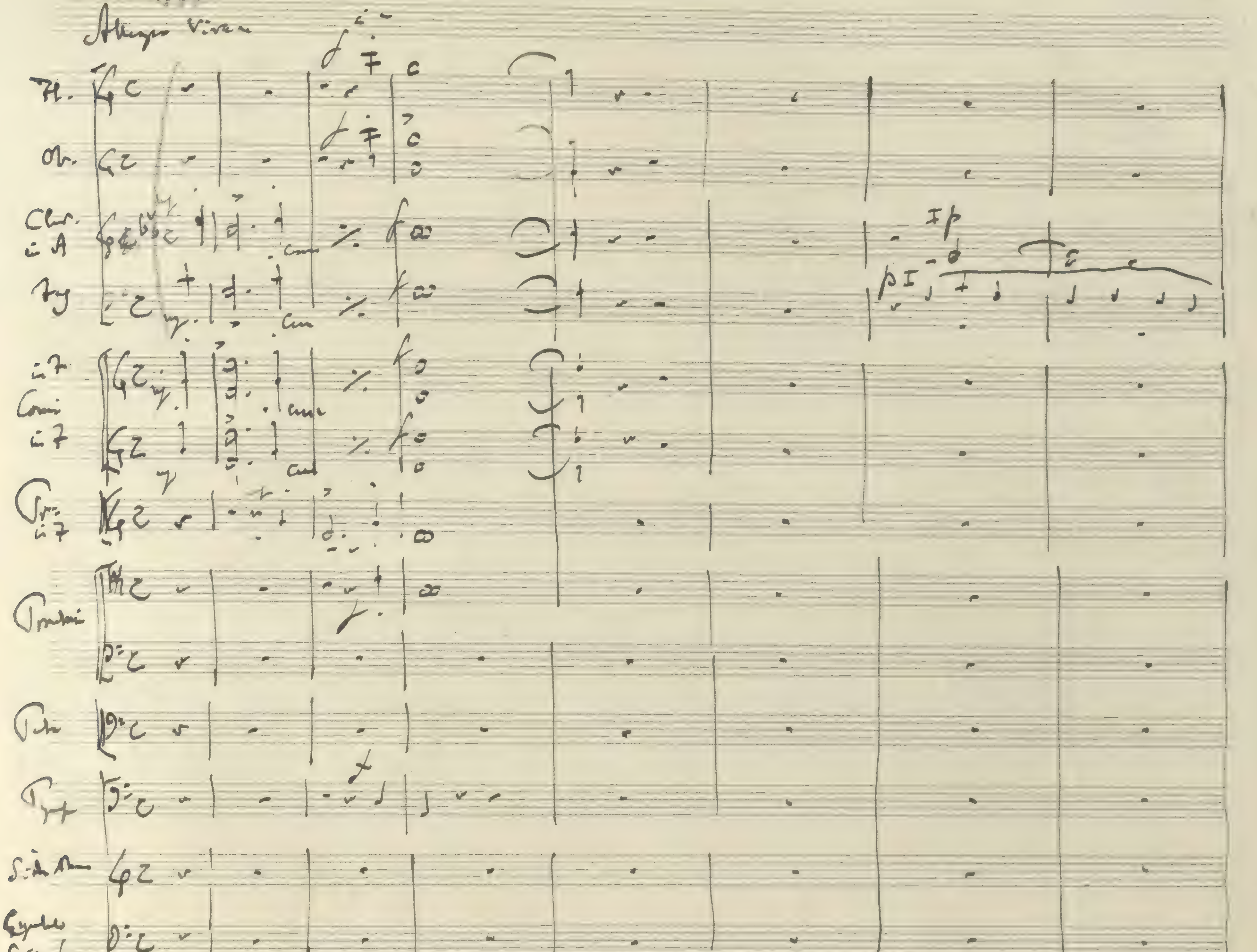

G
Solo
Watch,
O
Watch,
born,
Watch,
born,
Watch,
Watch,
Chor
Watch,
Watch,
born
pp
ppp

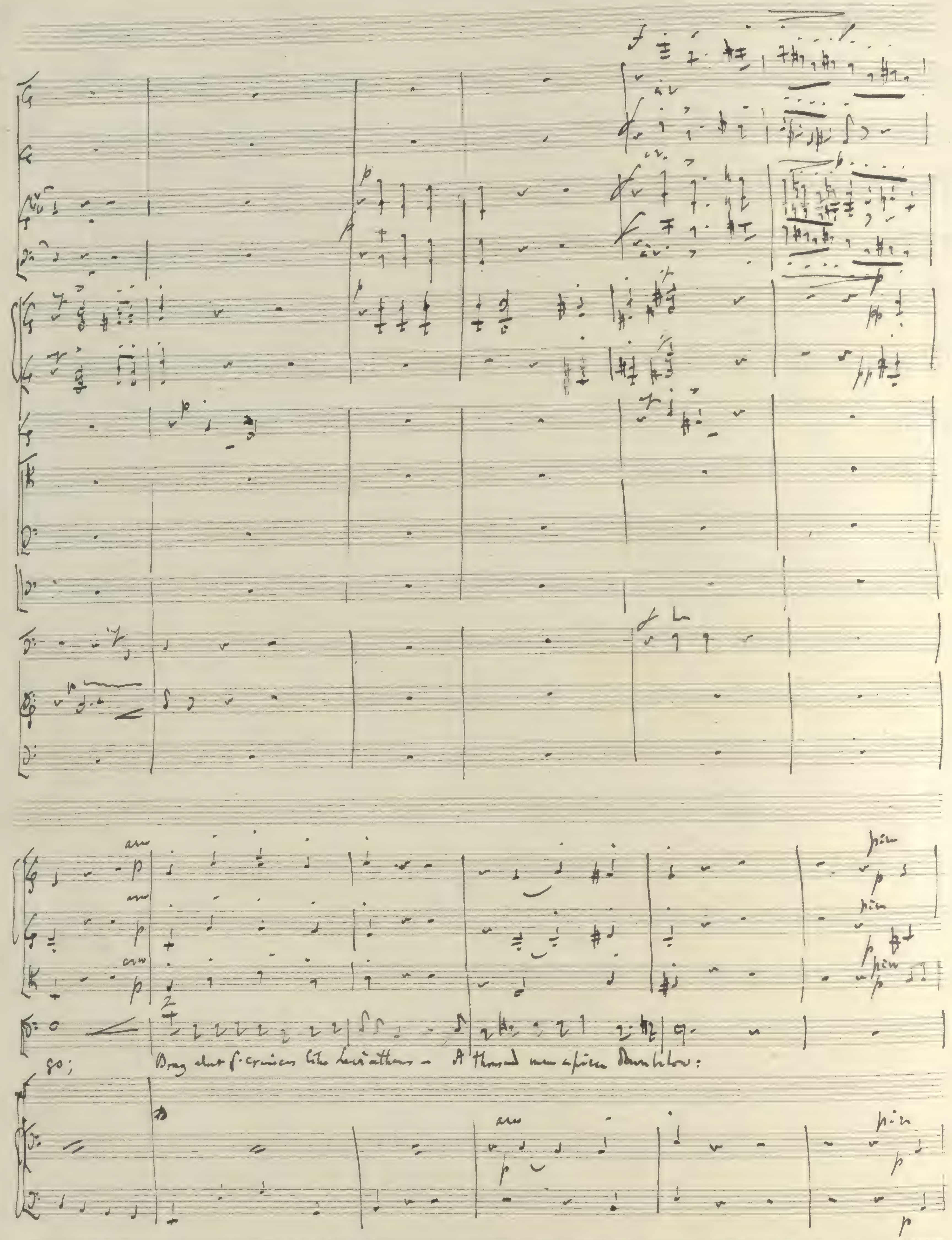

ppp sempre
Watch things find again,
Watch things find again
Life
and the land, the
watch things find again, watch things find
Life
and the
piu

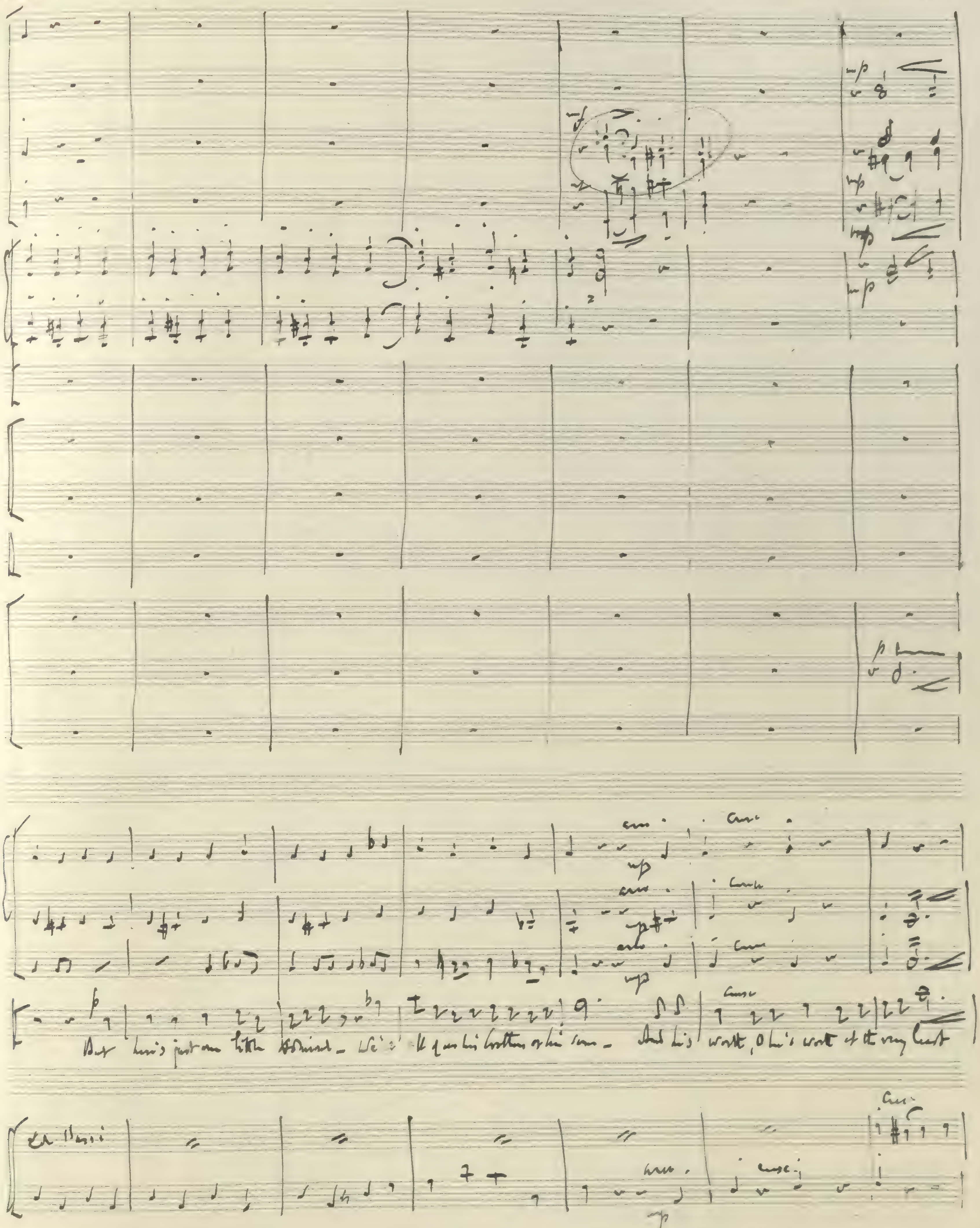

A Tempo.
H
morendo
morendo
pp
(with the fingers)
morendo
Land of
morn.
Watch, O watch.
Watch, O watch!
Watch,
Watch, O watch!
poco rall a tempo

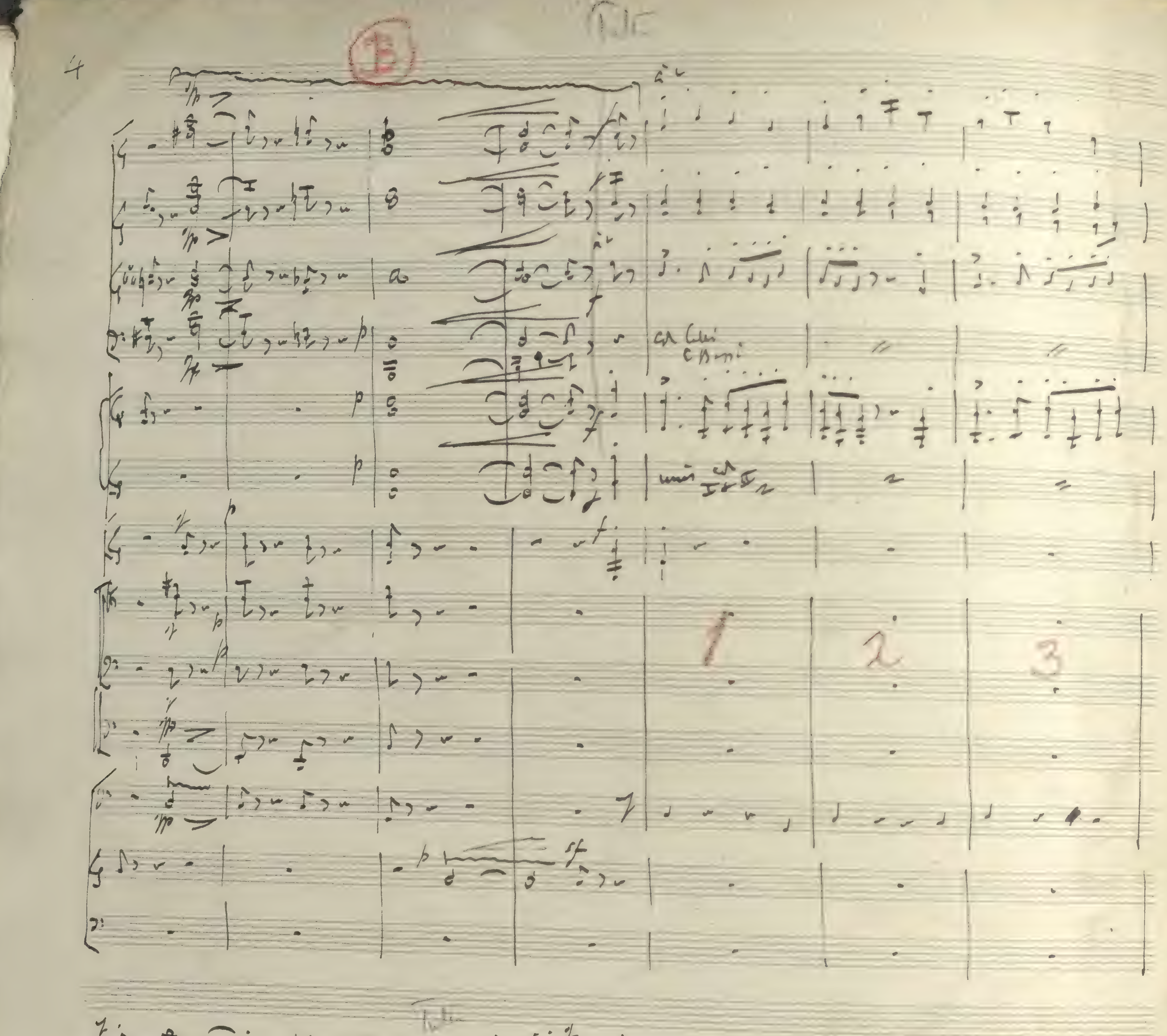

ppp
Water!
O water!
Water,
– O water!
CA I
pizz

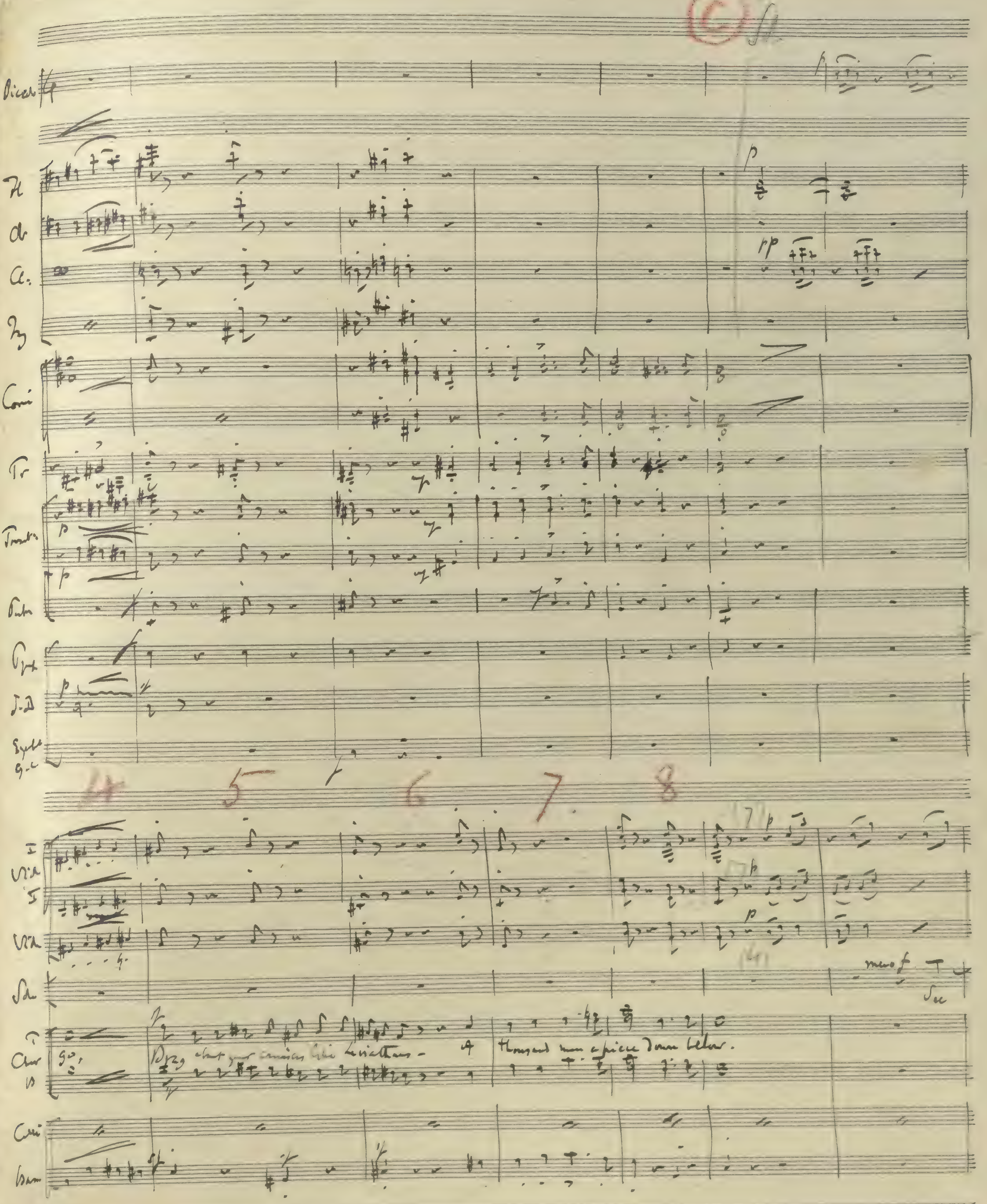
The Little Admiral



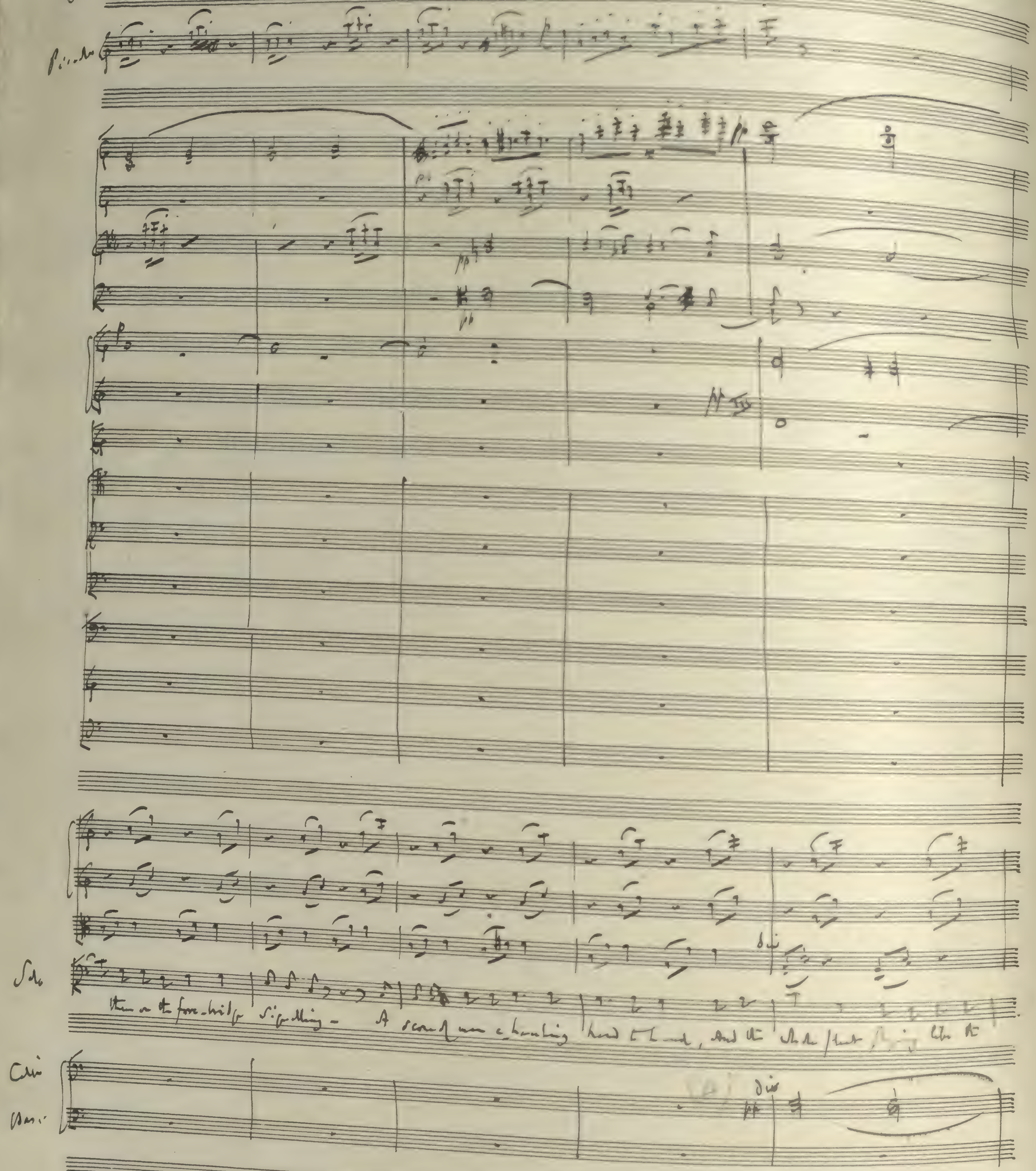

go;

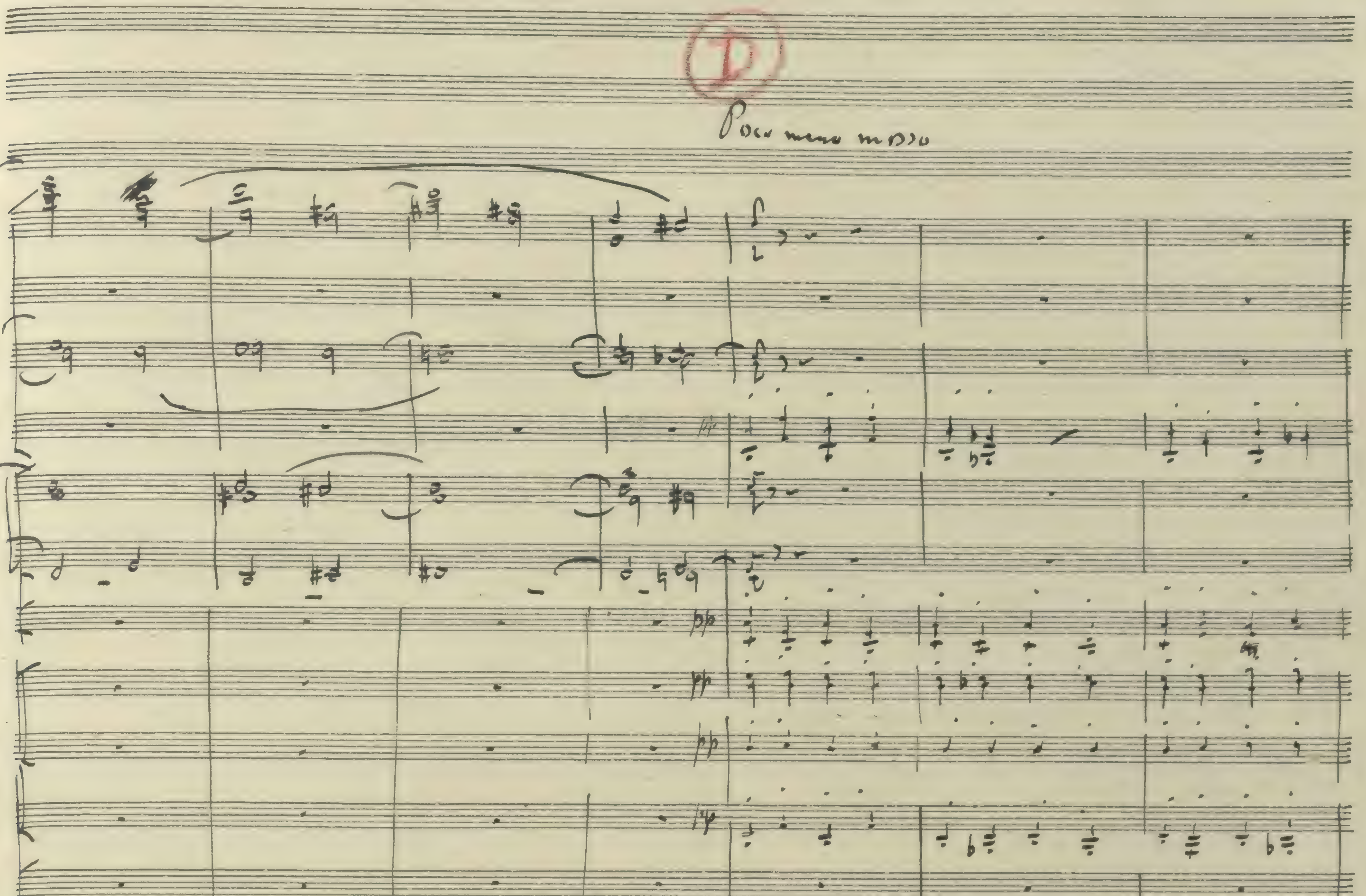

one little
And he's worth, O he's worth of the very best

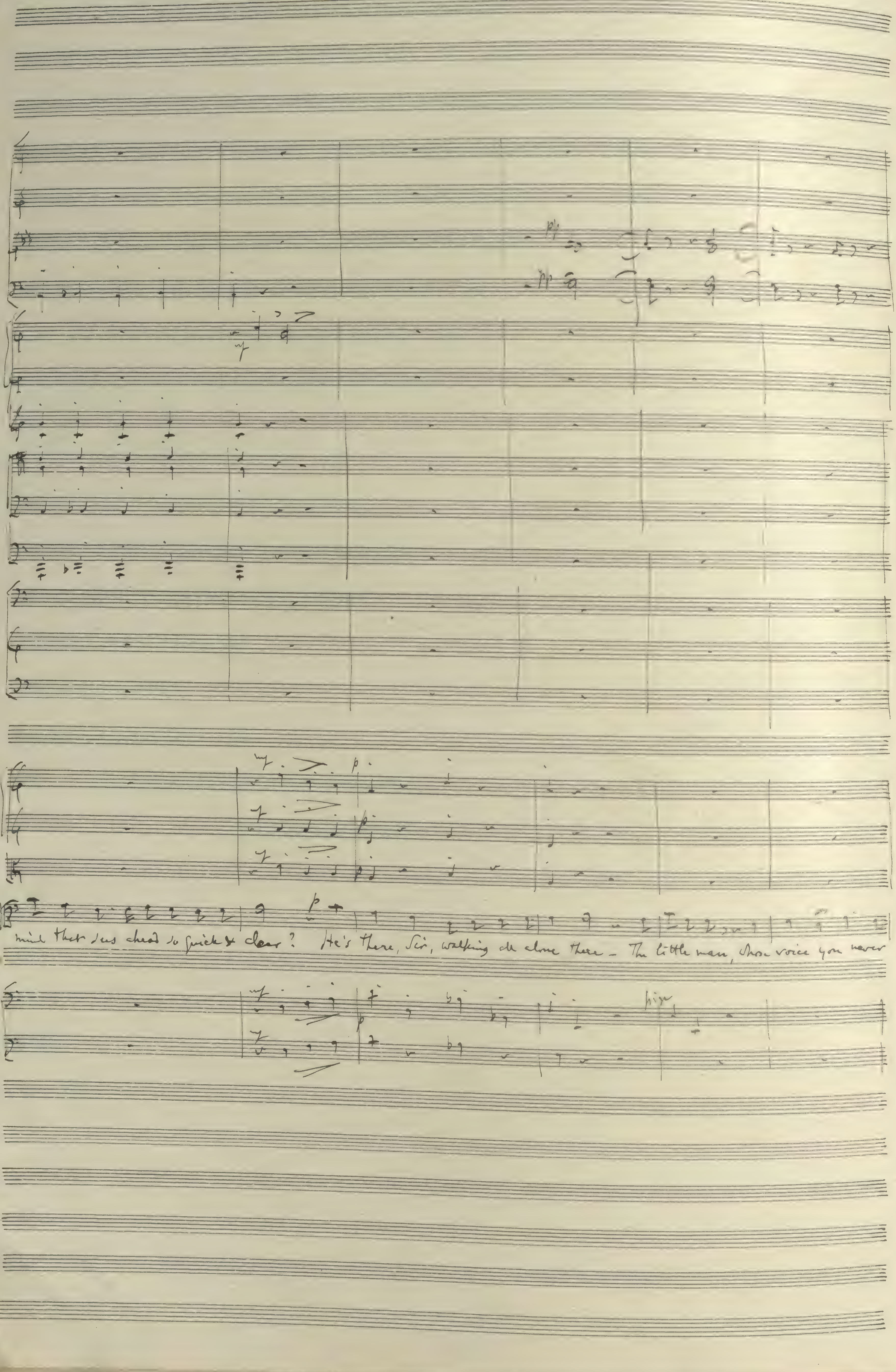

Tutti
Cl. Celli C Bassi
unis
1
2
3

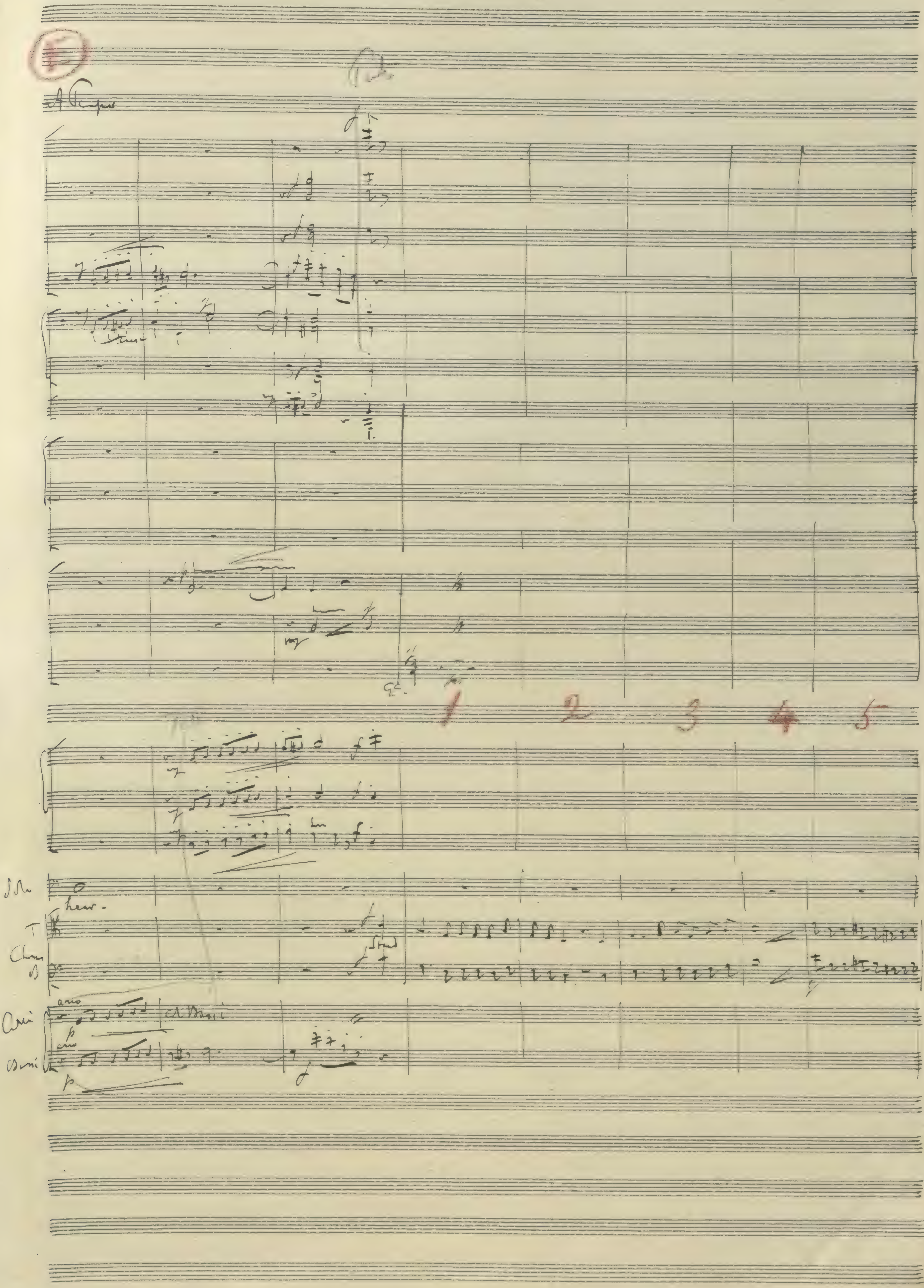

Drag that your carcass like Leviathan — A
thousand men apiece down below.

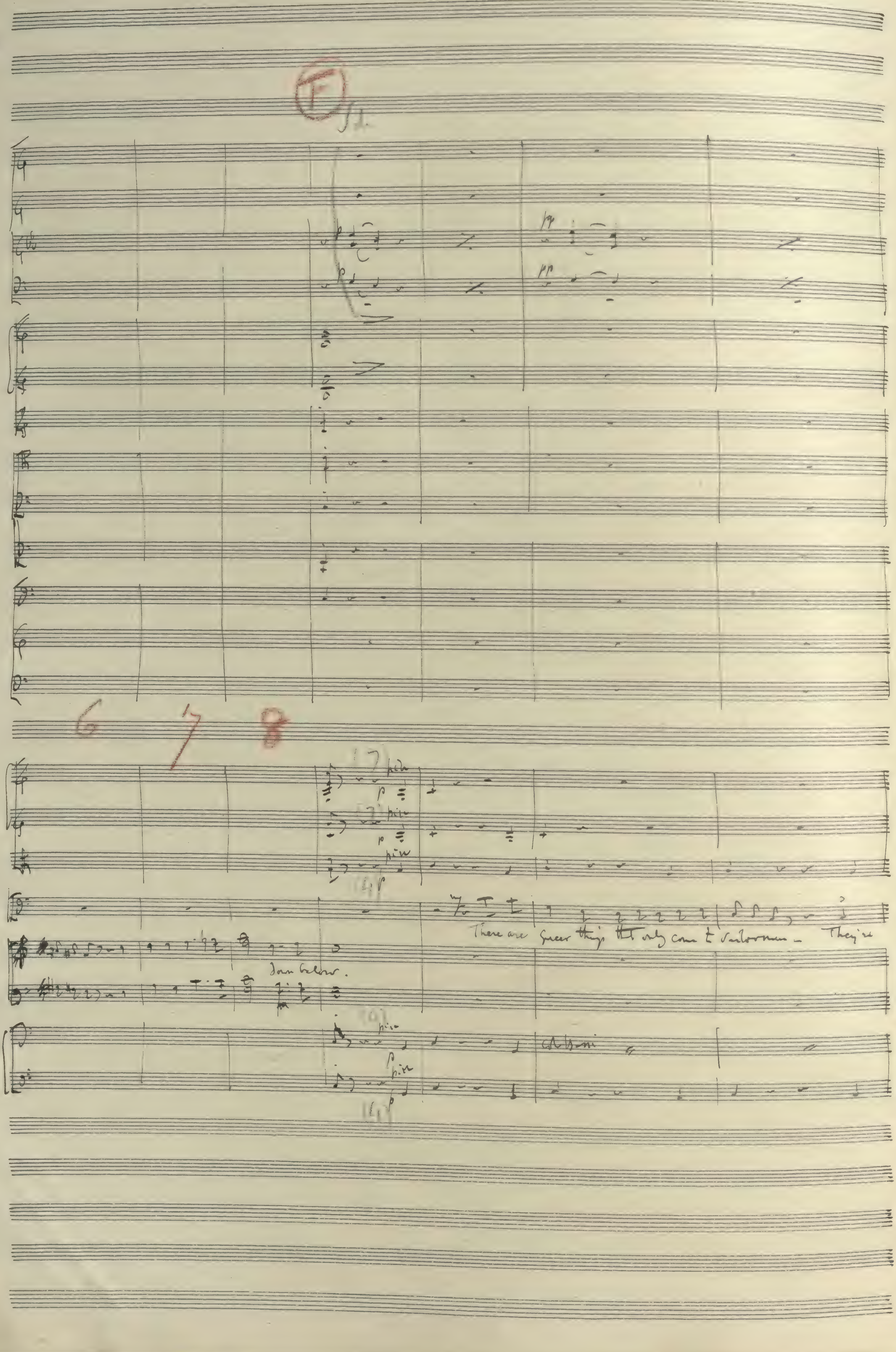
2

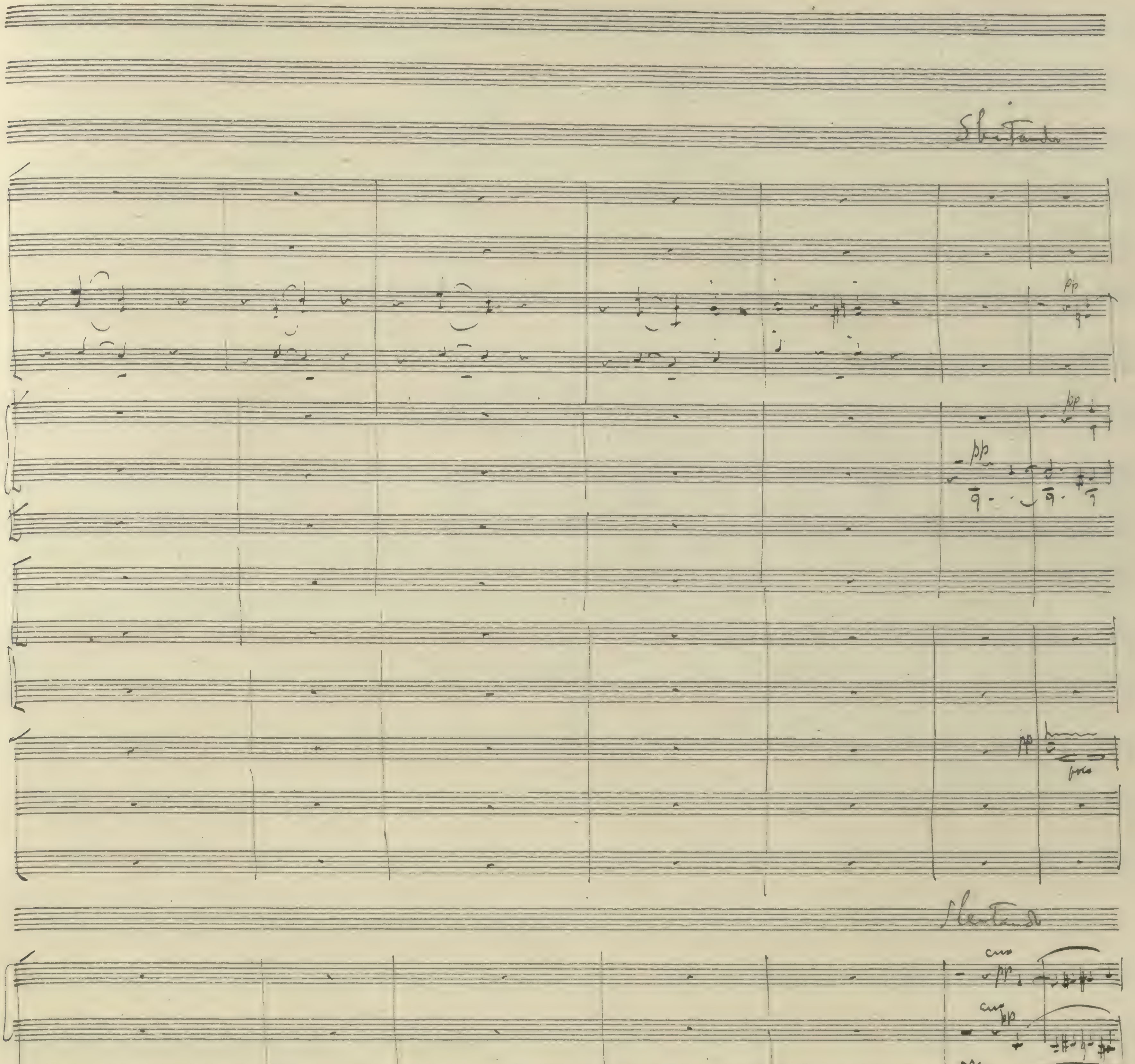

Piccolo
Solo
them on the fore-bridge signalling – A score of men a-hauling hand to hand, And the whole fleet
like the
Celli
Bassi
div

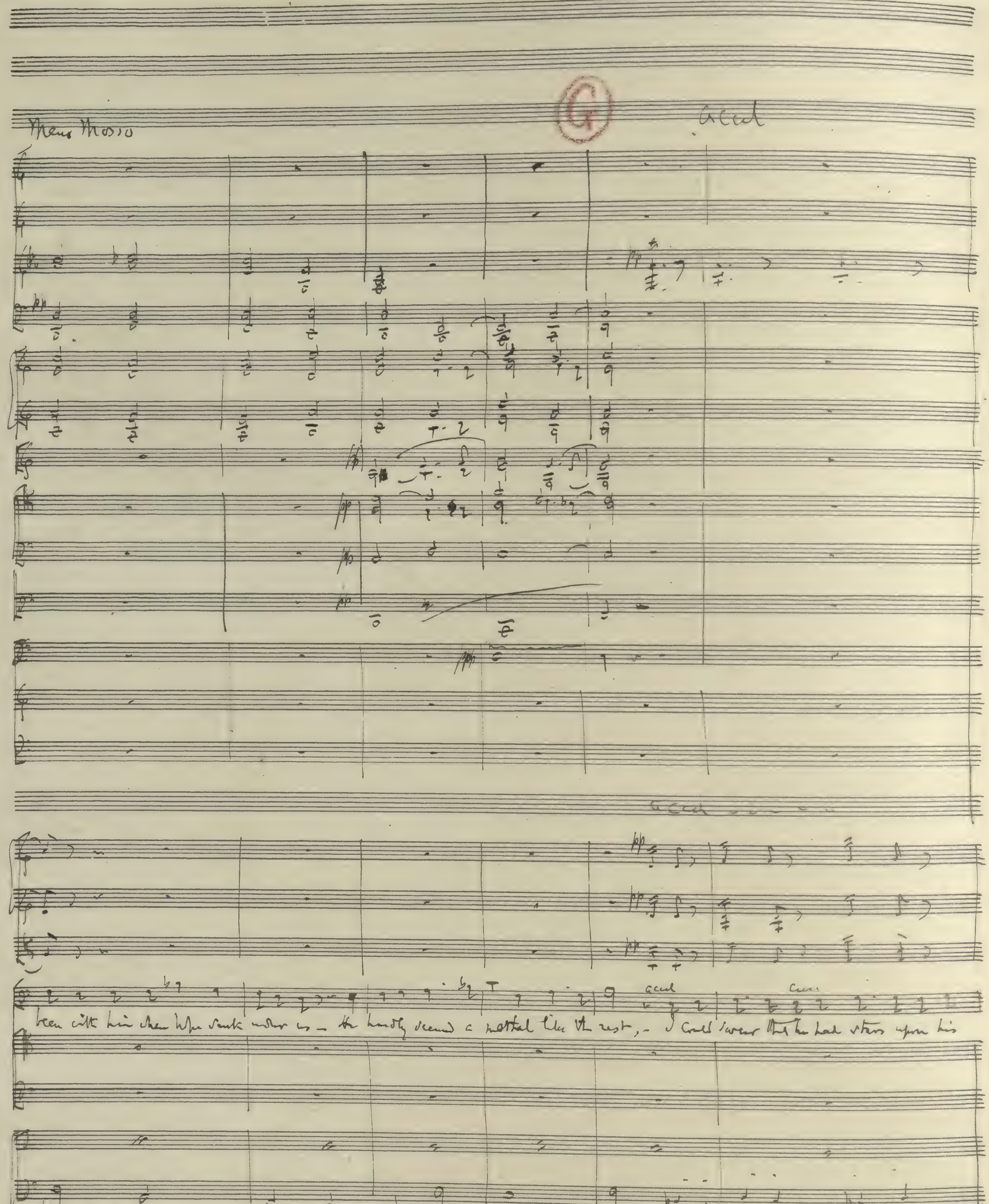

D
Poco meno mosso
wild geese moved by some mysterious command.
Where's the mighty will that draws them to them, The
pia

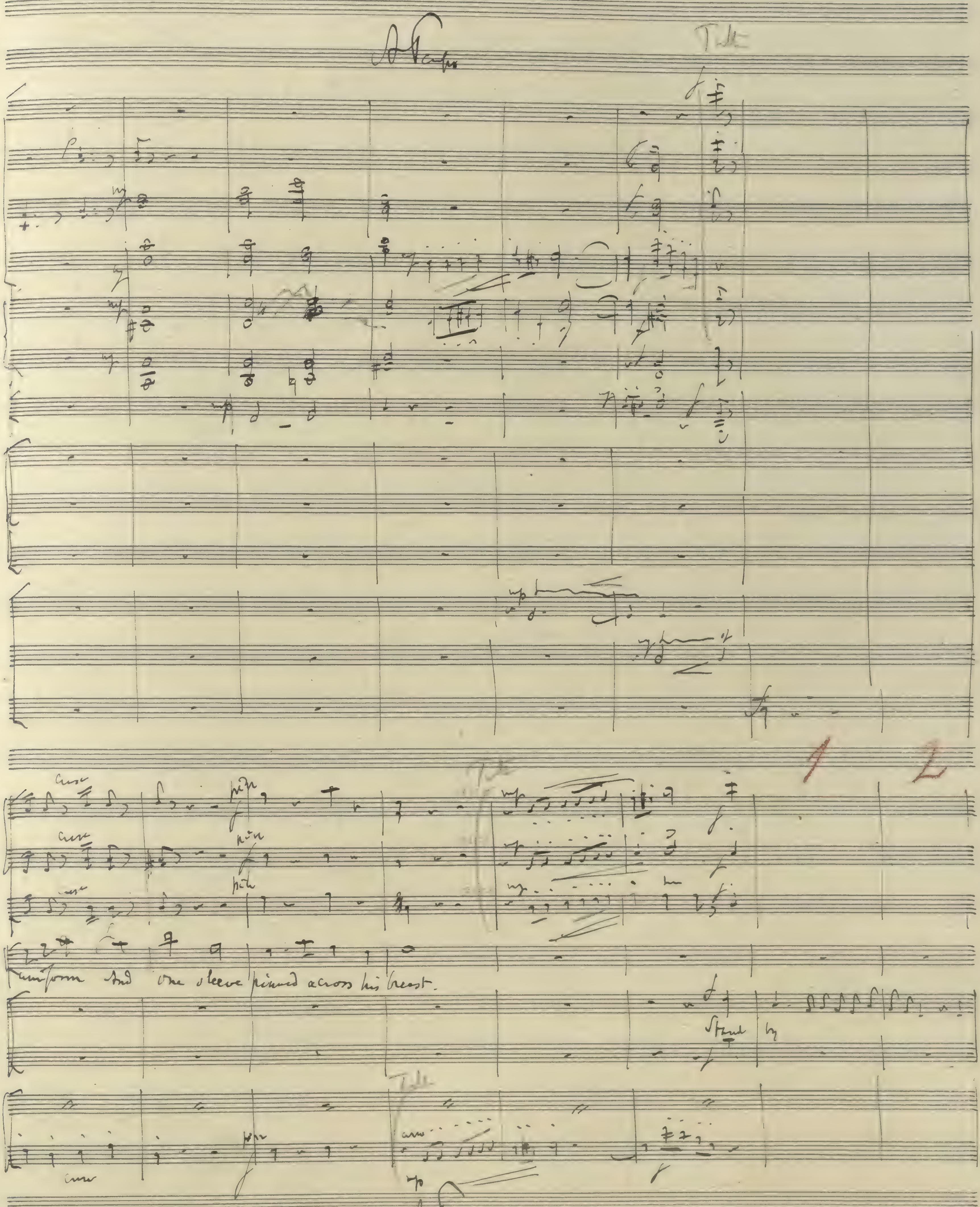

mind that sees ahead so quick & clear? He's there, Sir, walking all alone there — The little man, whose voice you never

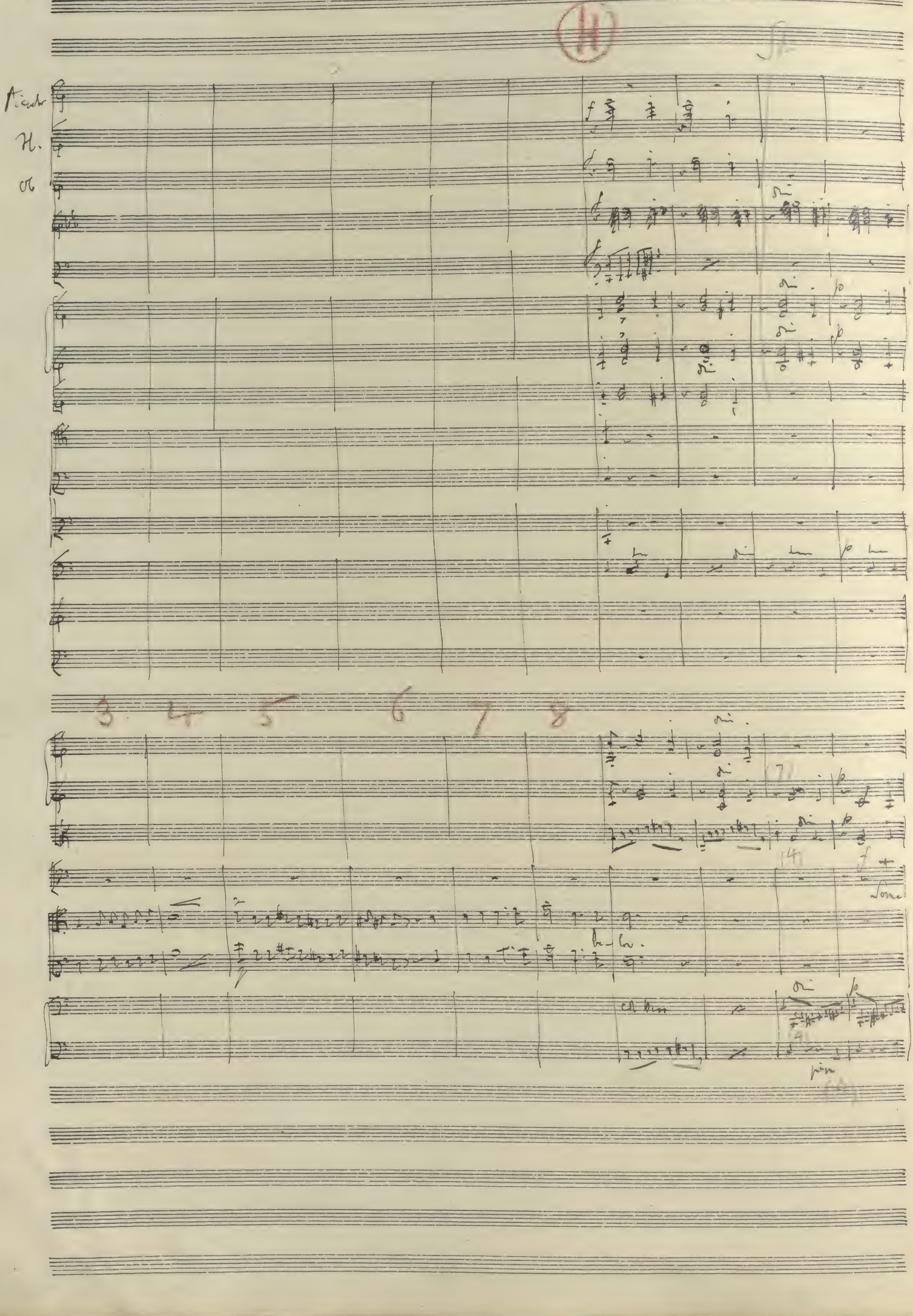

E
A Tempo
1 2 3 4 5
Solo
hear-
T
Chor
B

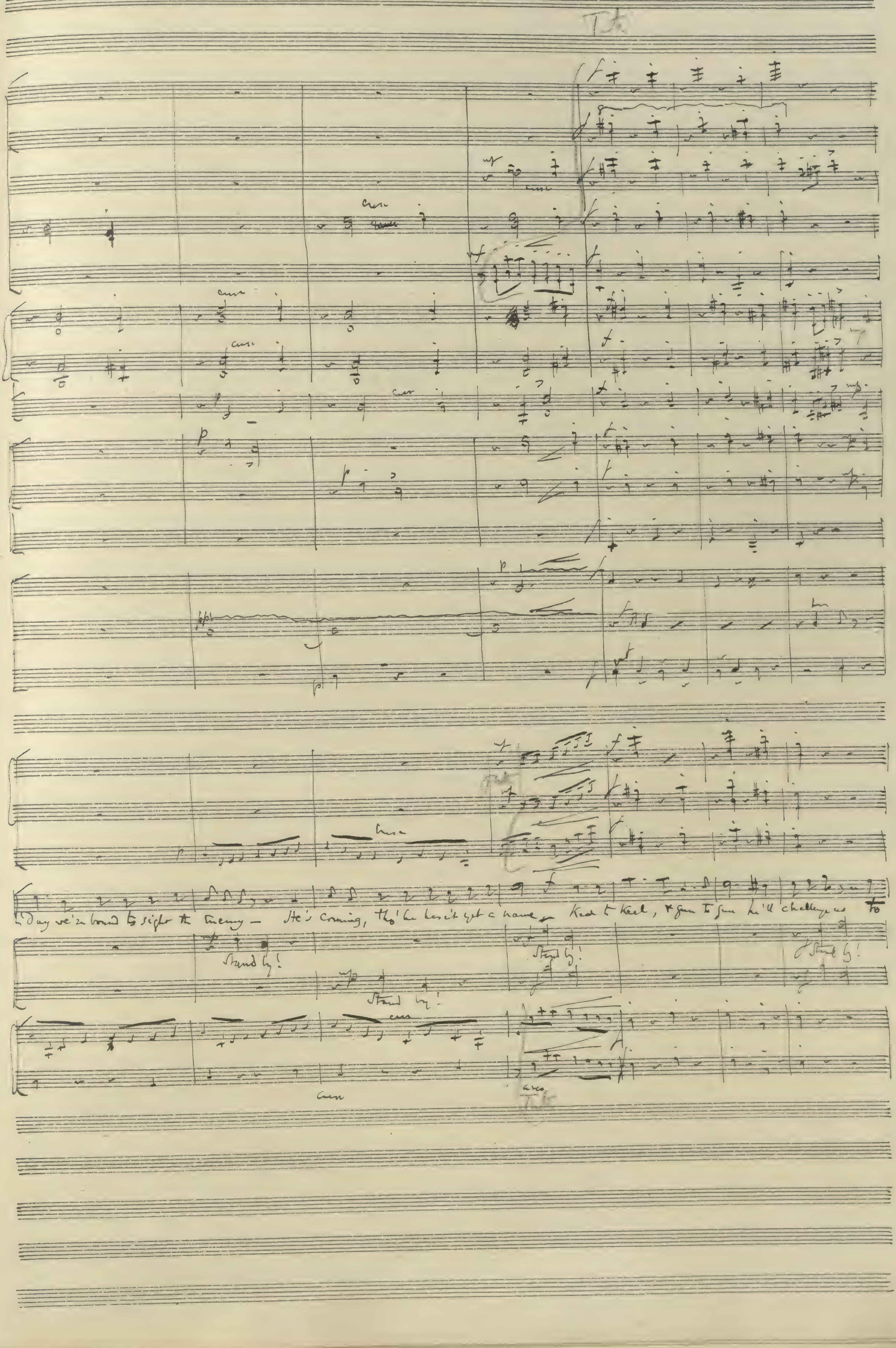

F
6
7
8
There are queer things that only come to sailormen — They're

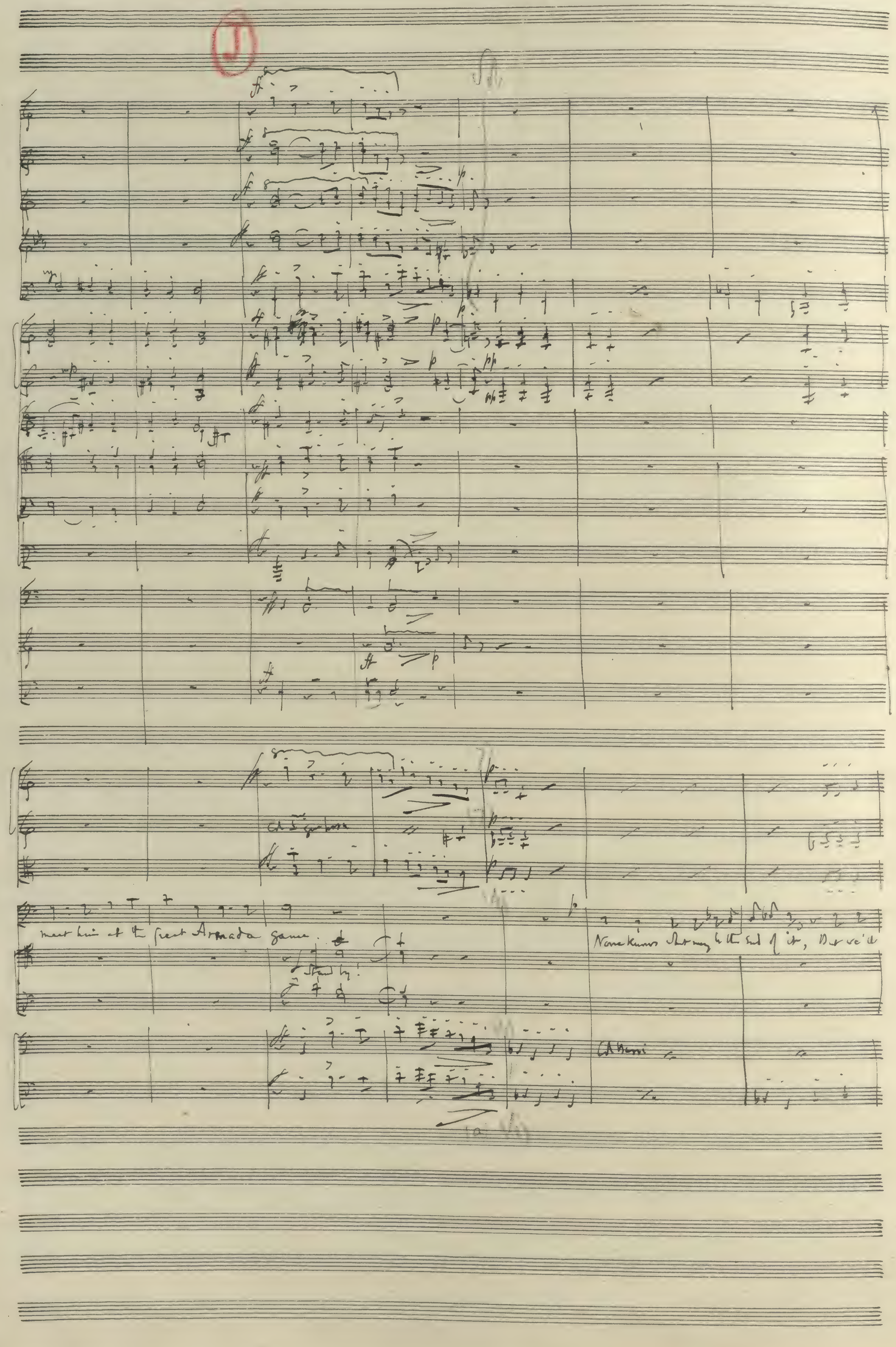

true, but they're never understood – And I know one thing about the Admiral that I can't tell rightly as I should. I've

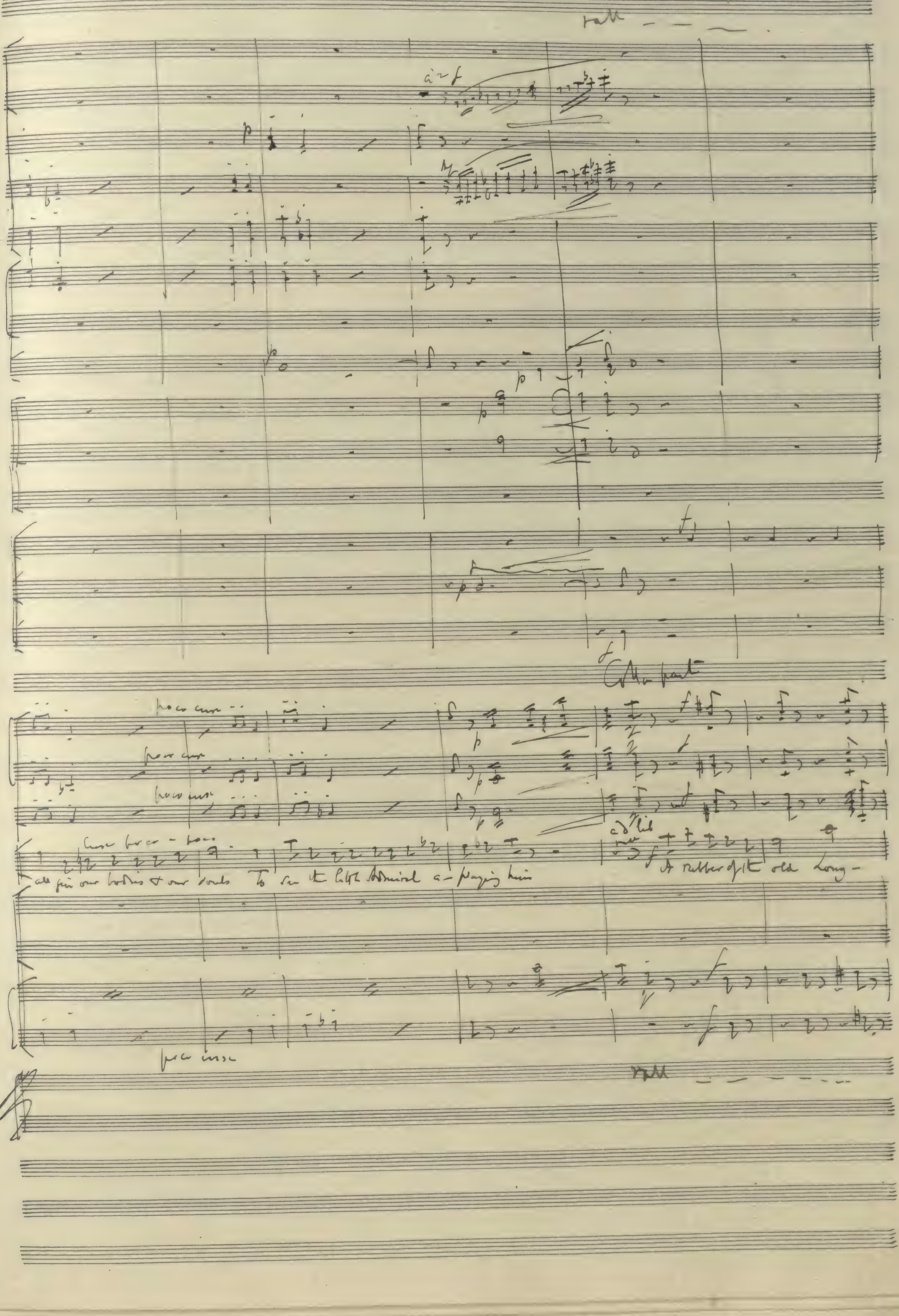

Meno Mosso
accel
accel
Sh
accel
cresc
been with him when hope sank under us — he hardly seemed a mortal like the rest, — I could swear that he had stars upon his
pp
accel

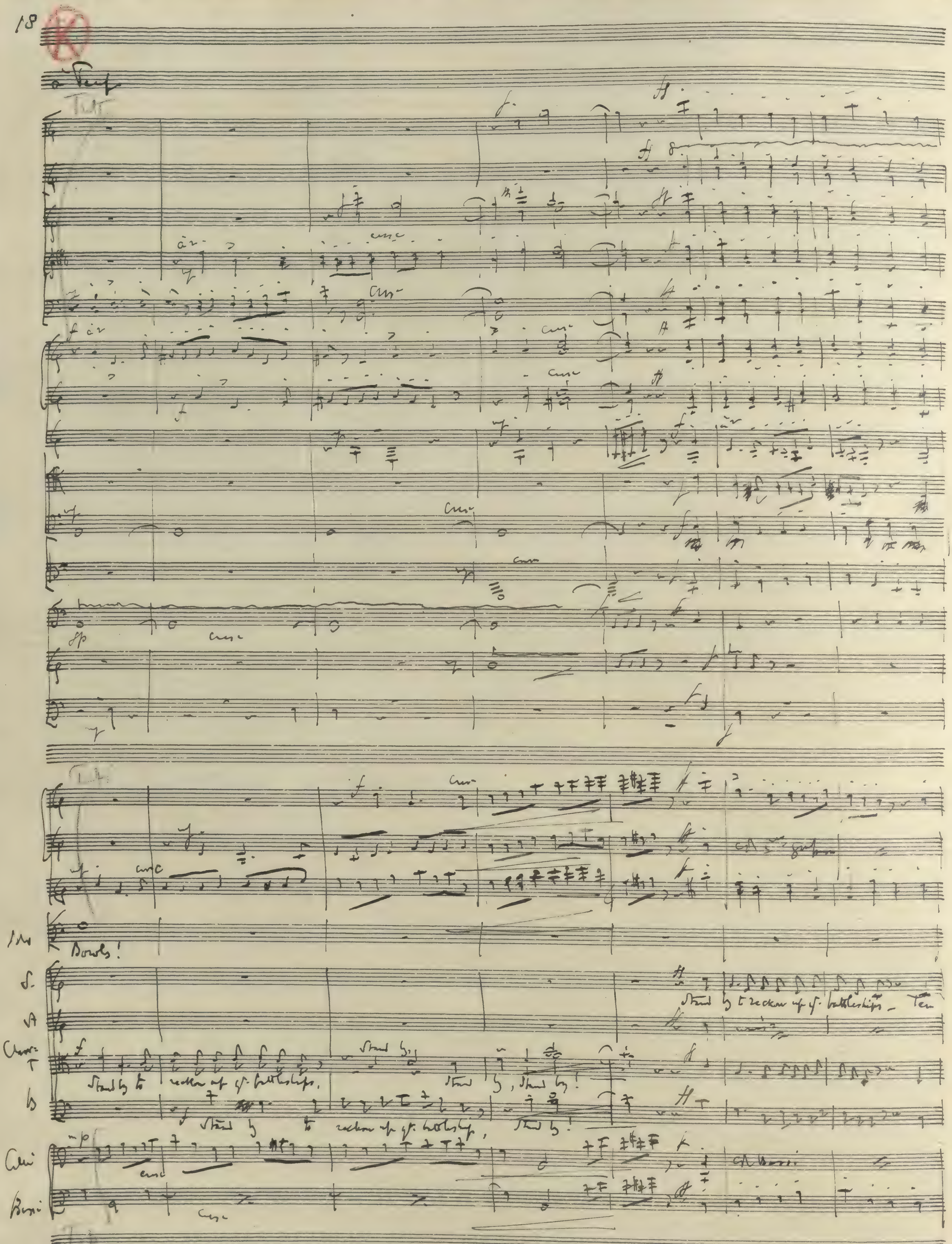

A Tempo
Tutti
cresc
uniform and one sleeve pinned across his breast.
Stand by
1
2
Tutti
A Tempo

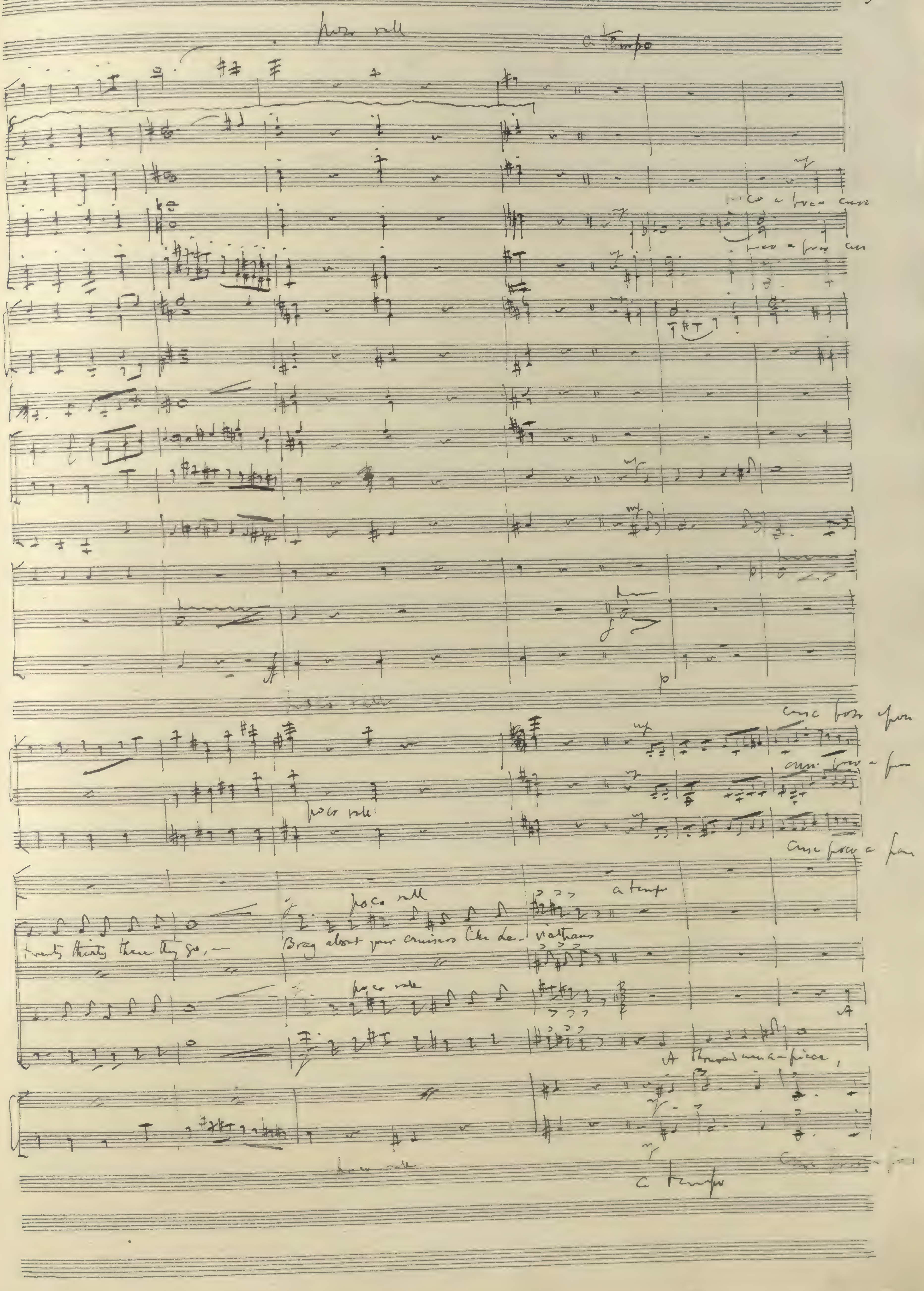

Piccolo
Fl.
Ob
11
3 4 5 6 7 8

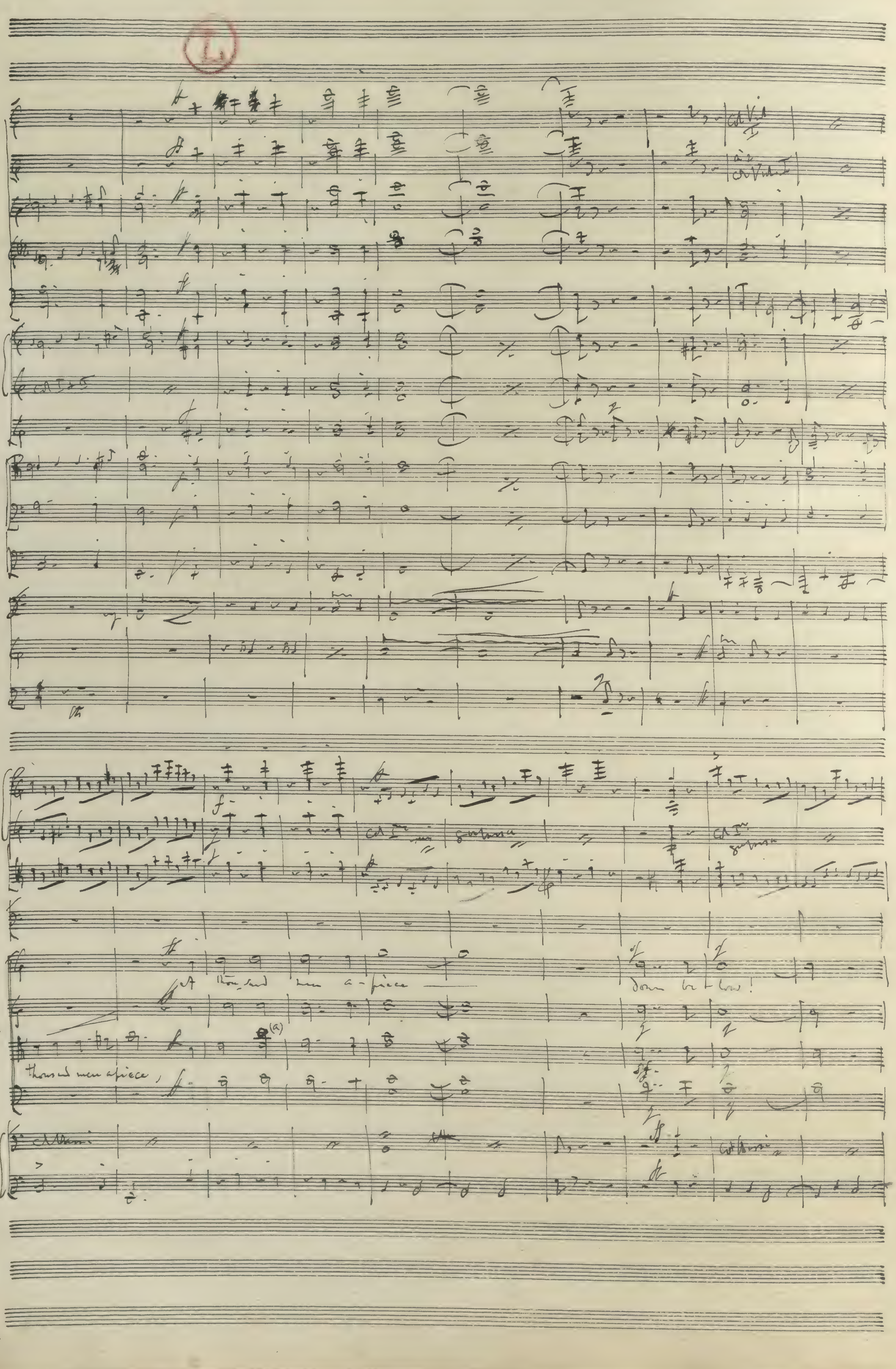

to-day we're bound to sight the enemy — He's coming, tho' he hasn't got a name, Keel to Keel, & gun to gun he'll challenge us to
Stand by!
Stand by!
Stand by!
& Stand by!

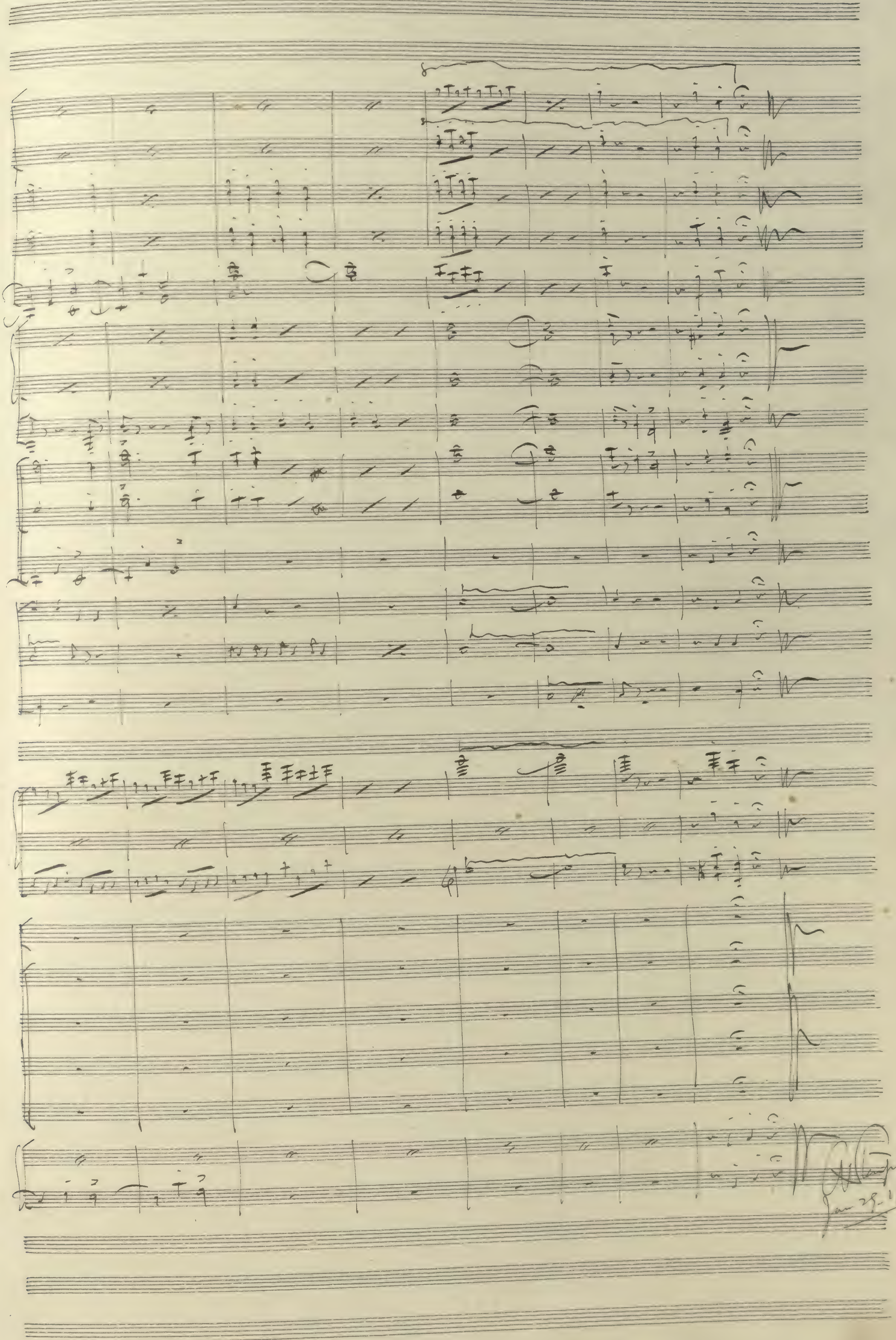

meet him at the great Armada game.
Stand by!
None knows what may be the end of it, But we'll

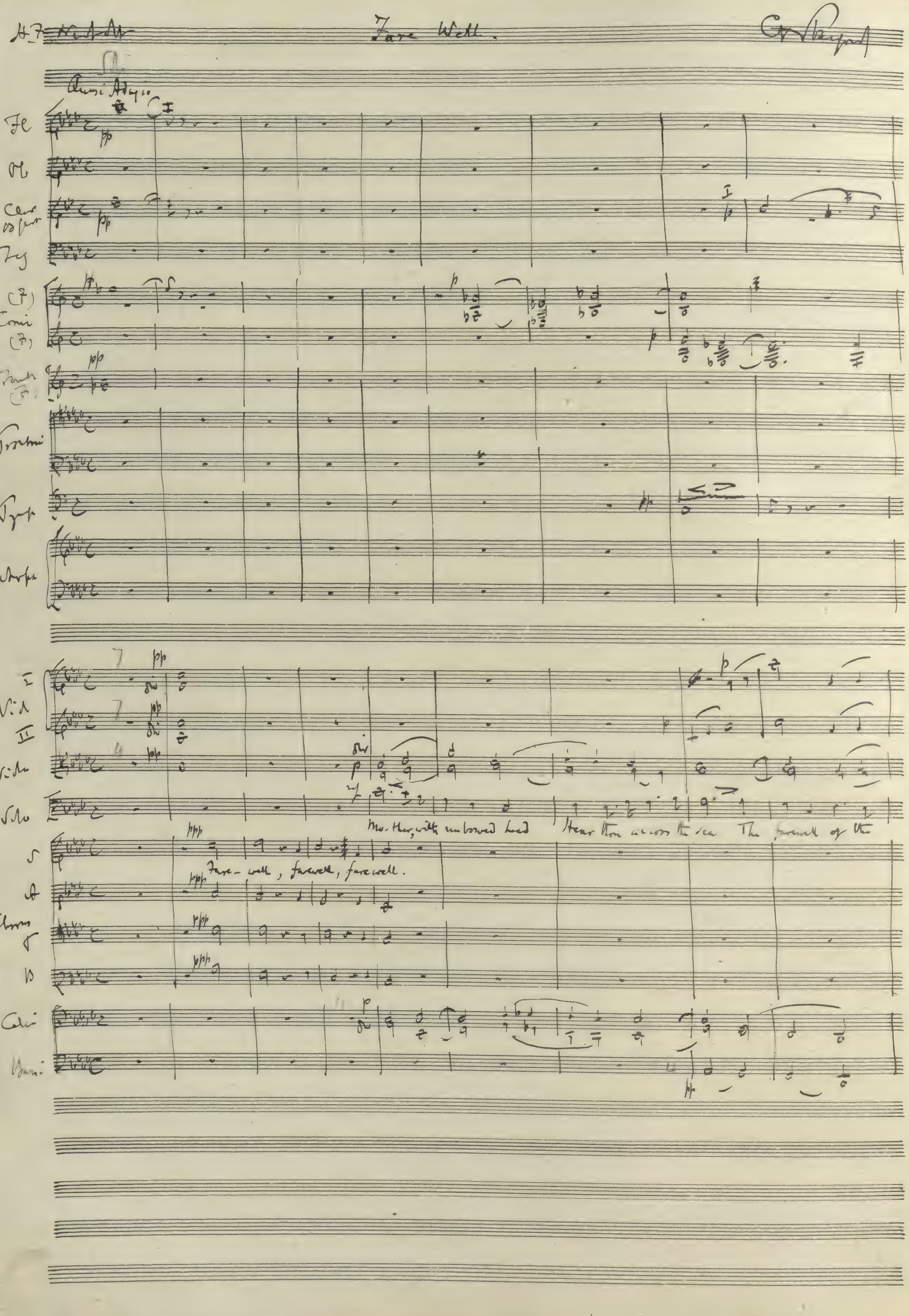

rall
a 2 f
Colla parte
poco cresc
ad lib
all gin our bodies & our souls To see the little Admiral a-playing him
A rubber of the old Long-
poco cresc
rall


Bowls!
S.
A.
Chorus T
B
Stand by to reckon up yr. battleships – Ten
Stand by to reckon up yr. battleships,
Stand by, Stand by!
Celli
Bassi
cresc

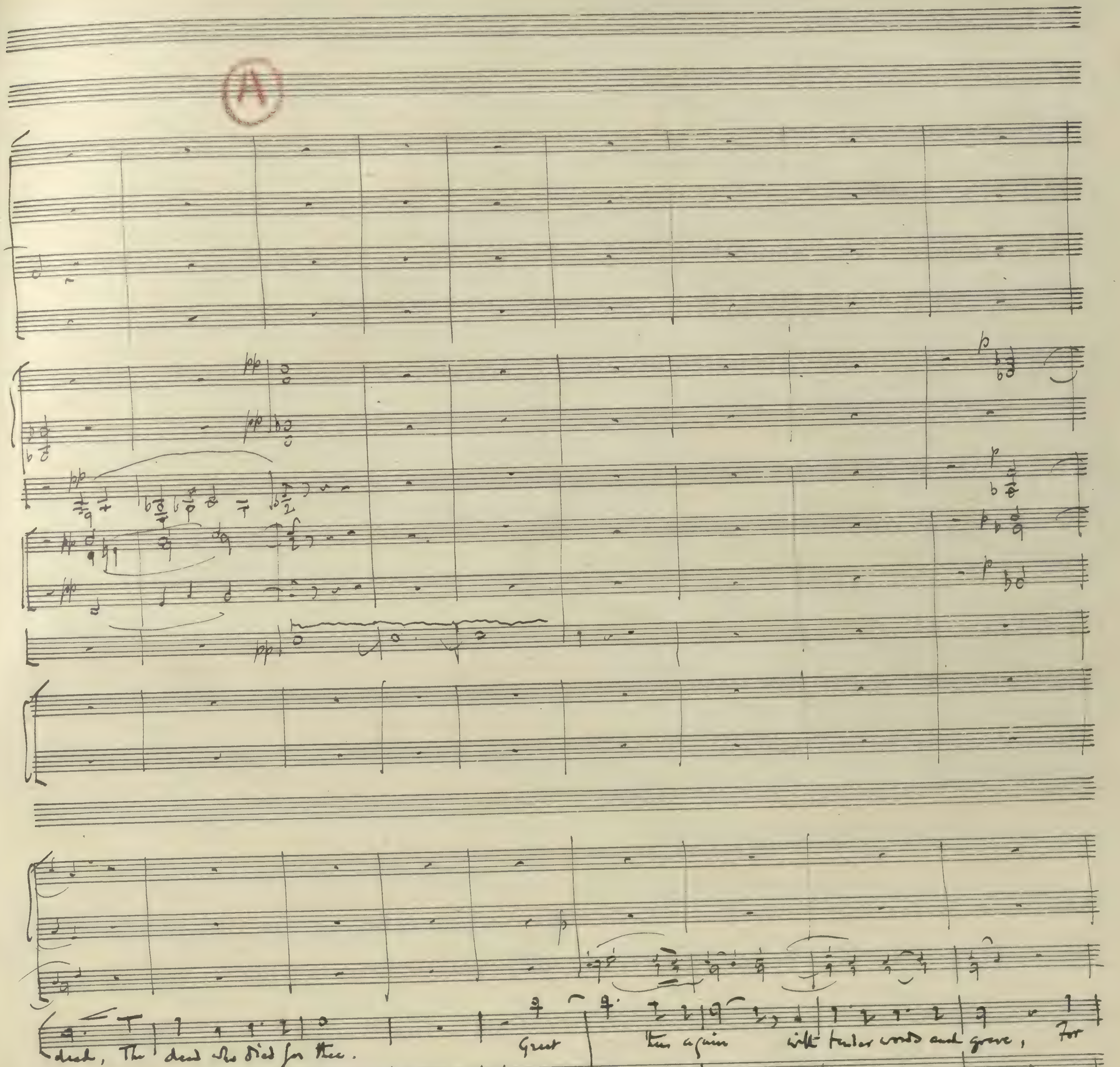

poco rall
a tempo
poco a poco cresc
mf
p
f
poco rall
cresc poco a poco
twenty thirty there they go, —
Brag about your cruisers like Le-
viathans
A thousand men a-piece,
a tempo

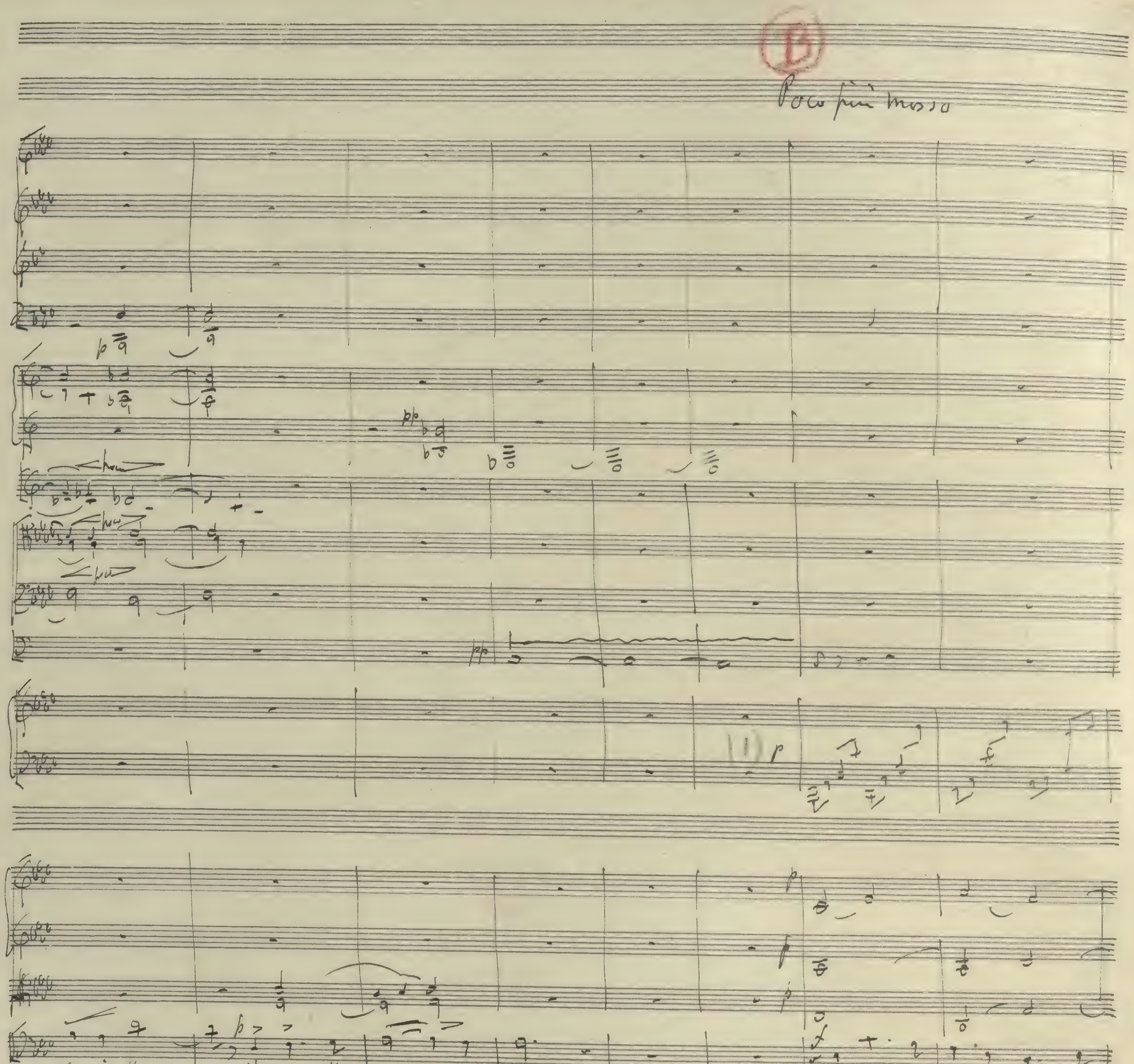

Solo
Chorus
A thousand men a-piece
thousand men apiece,

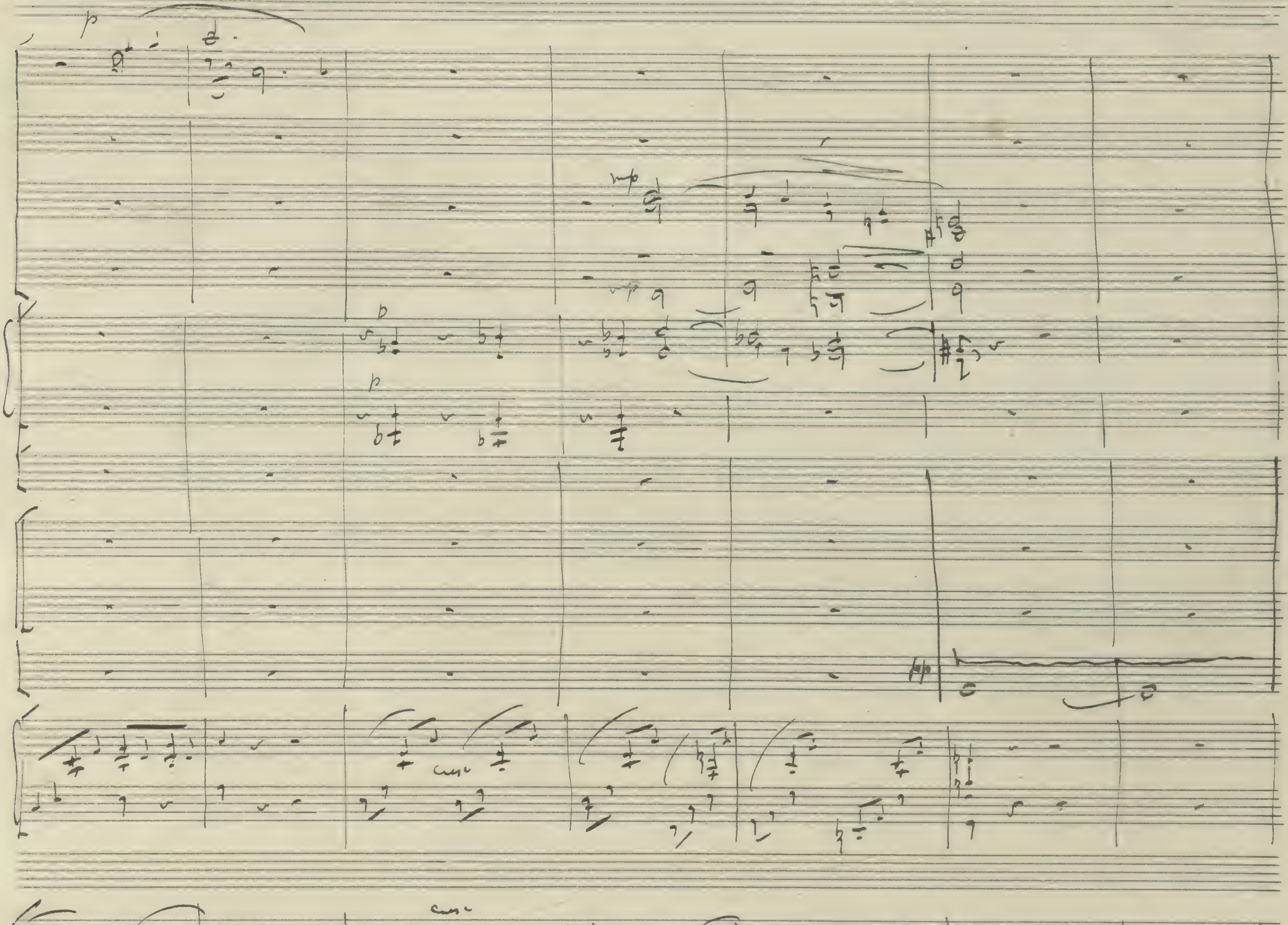


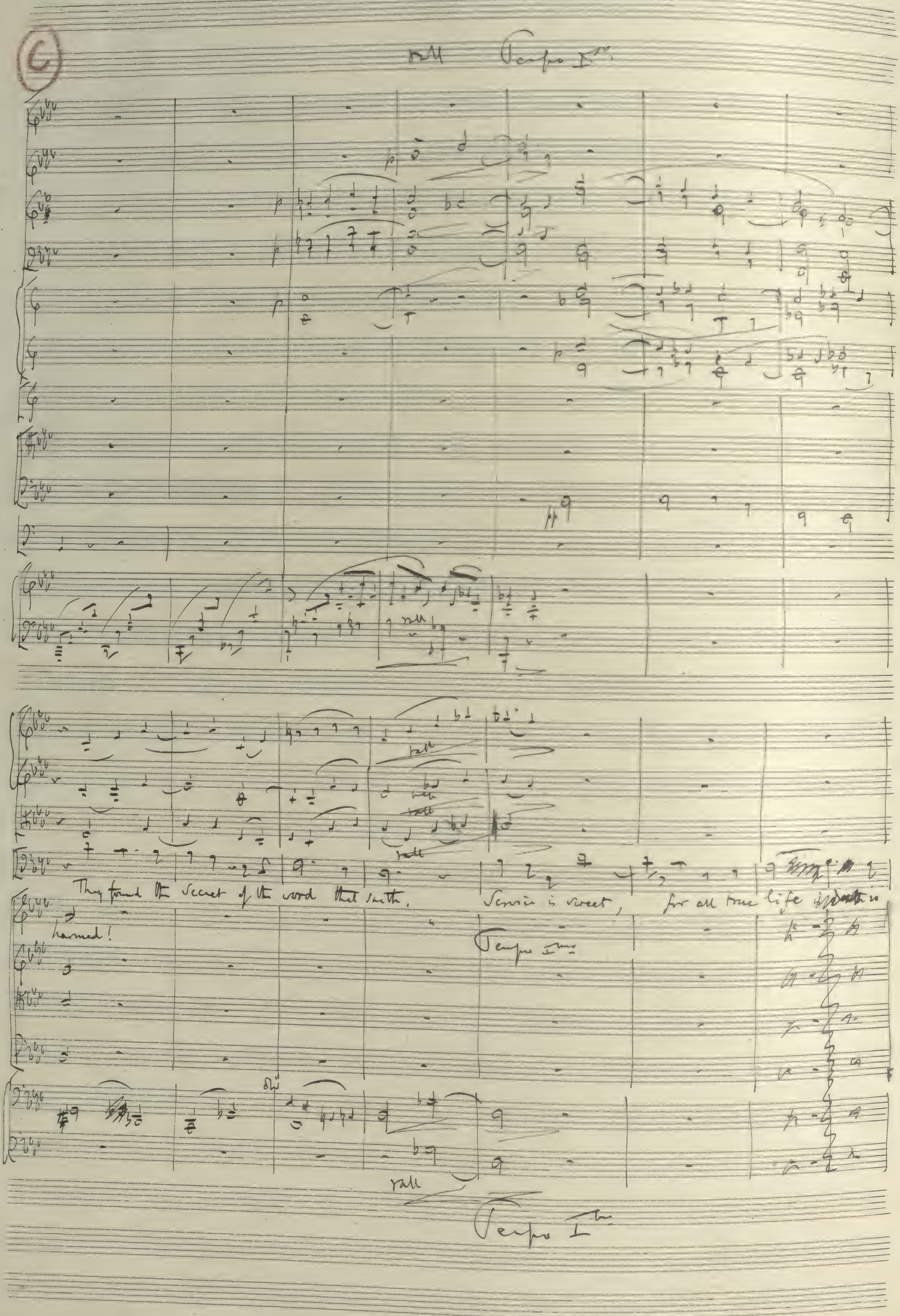


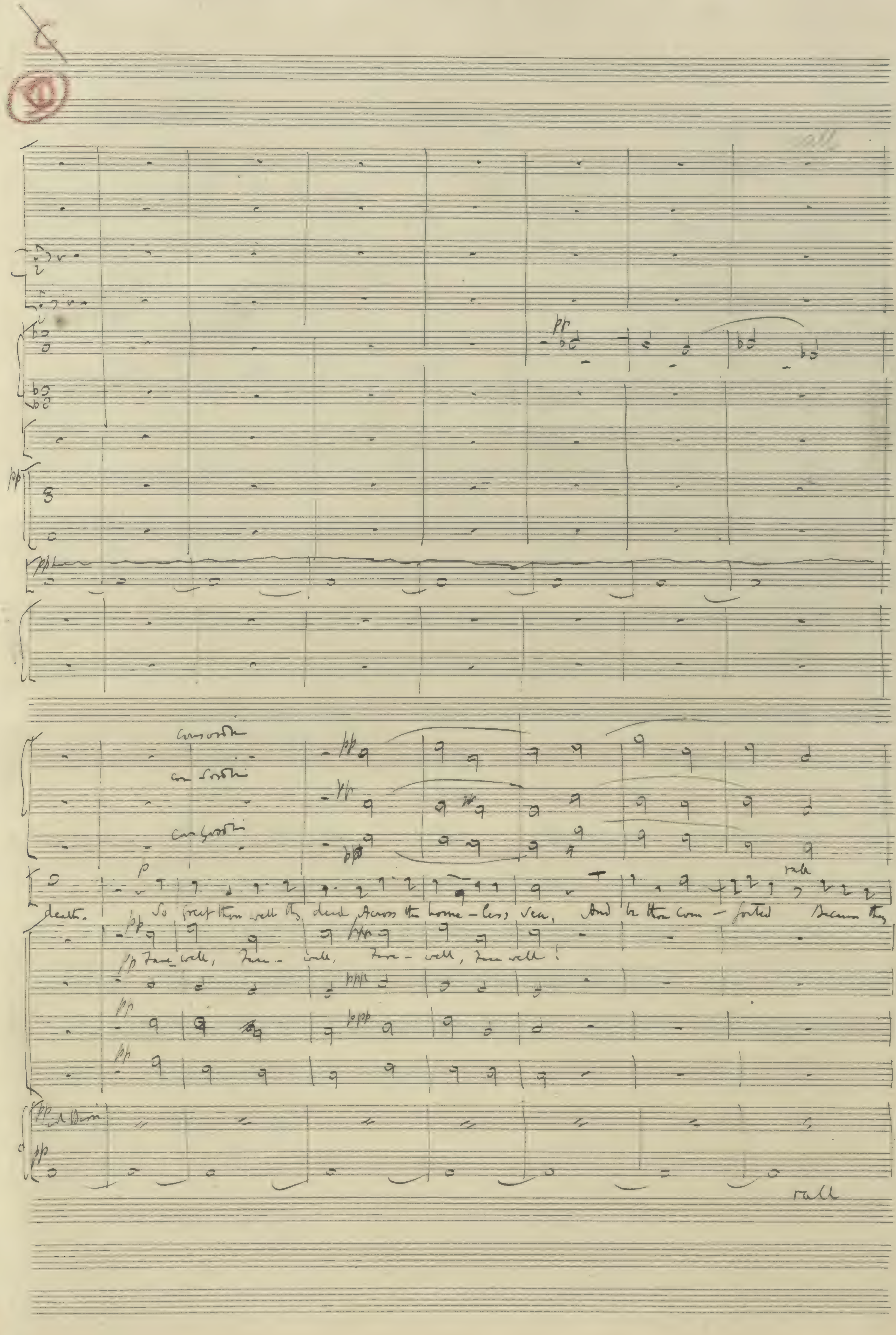
Fare Well.
Assai Adagio
Fl
Ob
Fg
Corni
Timp
Arpa
Viol
Viola
Solo
Mother, with unbowed head Hear thou across the sea The farewell of the
S
A
Chorus
T
B
Fare-well, farewell, farewell.
Celli
Bassi


A
pp
p
dead, The dead who died for thee.
Greet
Thee again with tender word and grave, For
ppp Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well!
ppp
piu

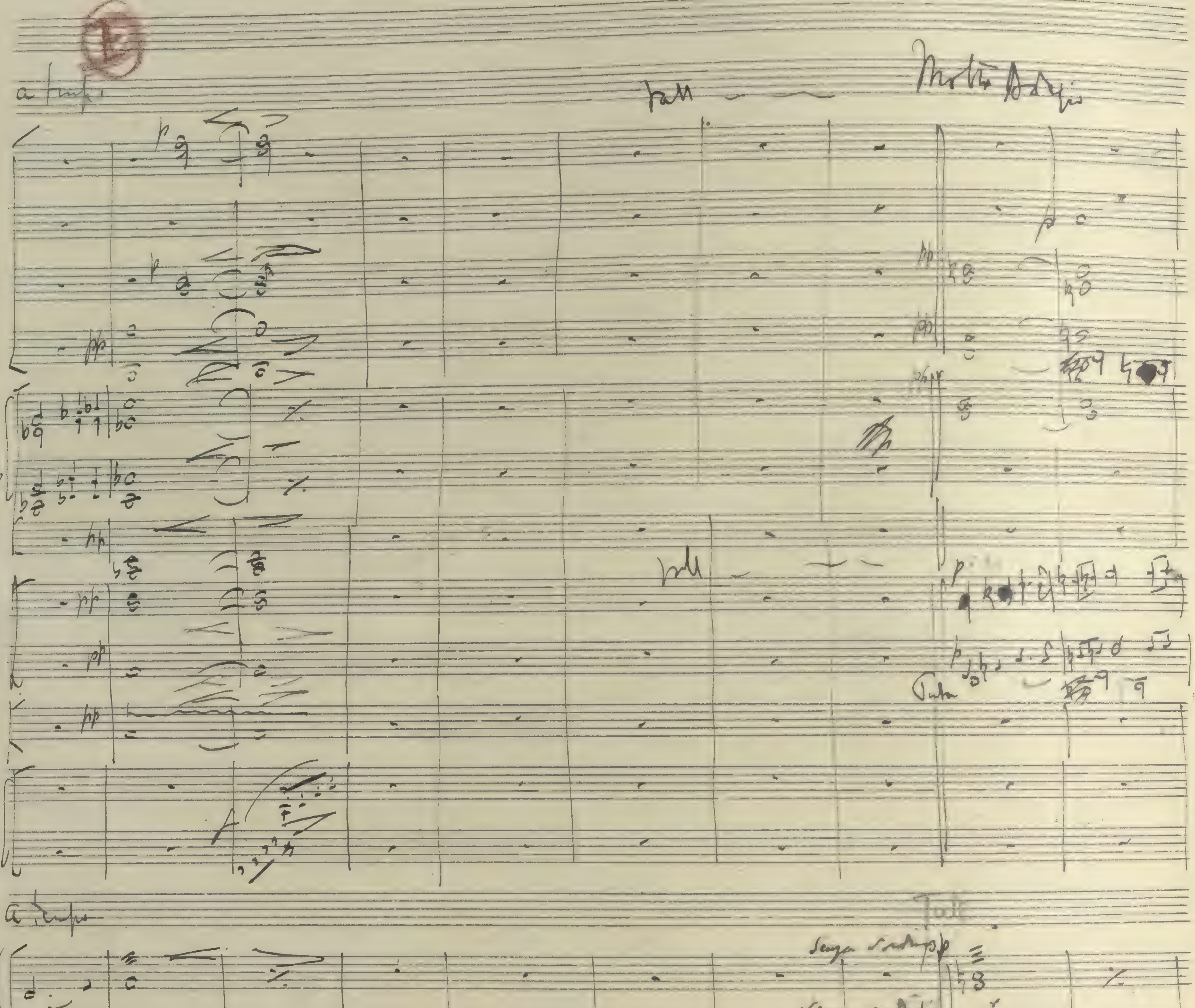

B
Poco più mosso
saving thee, Themselves they could not save.
To keep the house unharmed Their
farewell, farewell, farewell!
dim
Poco più mosso

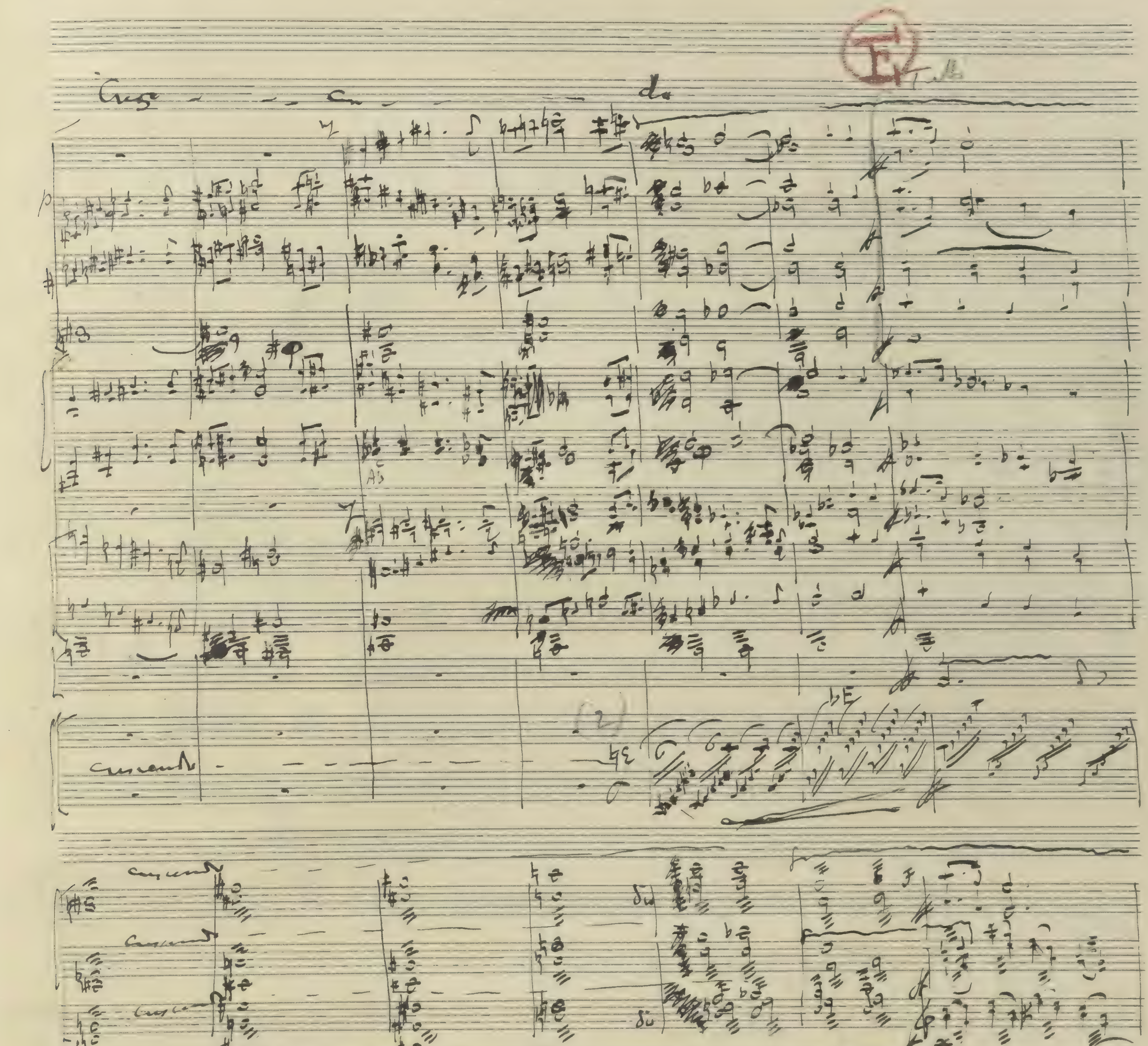

fathers built so fair,
Deeming Endurance armed Bet- ter than brute despair,
Keep the house un-

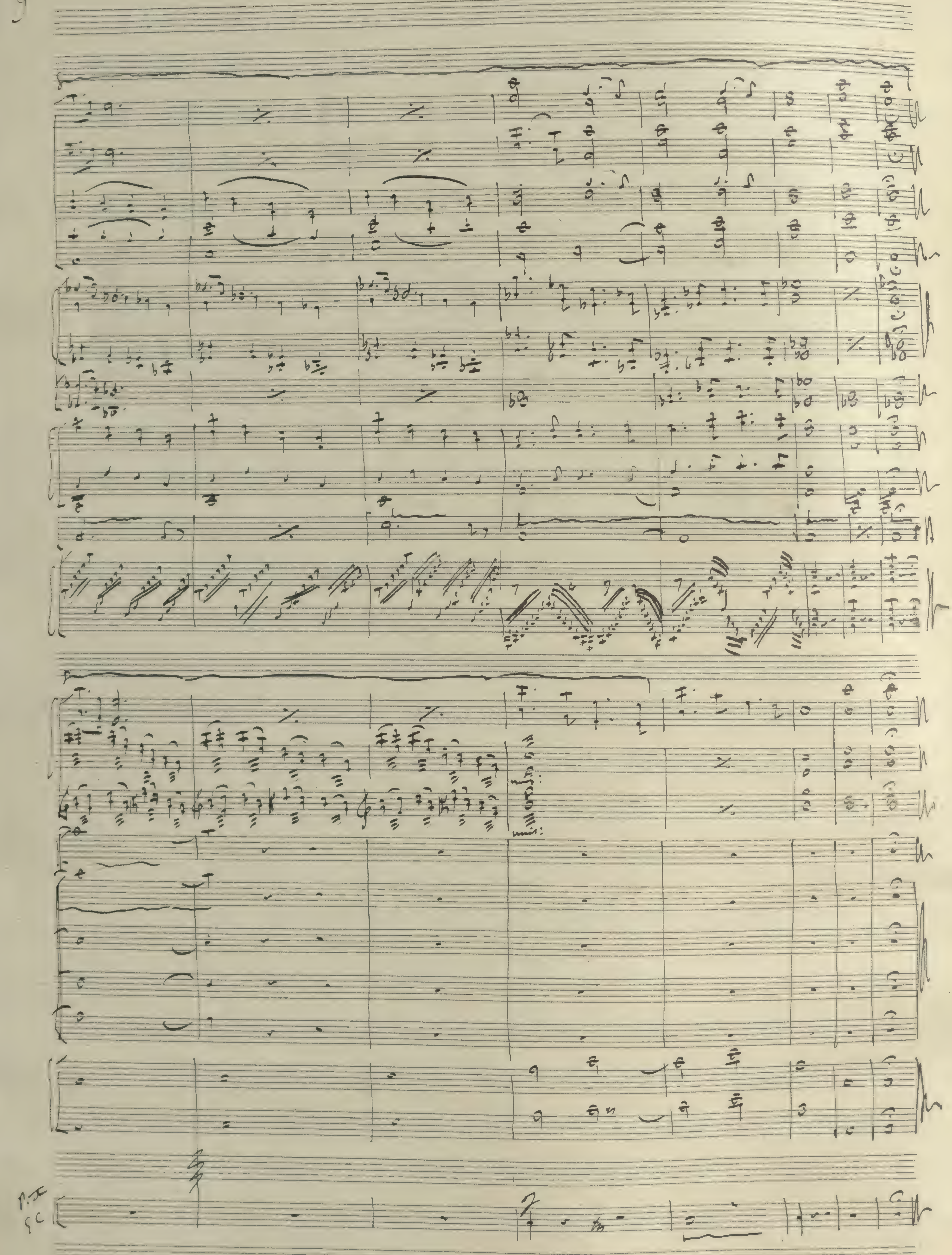

C
rall
Tempo Imo
rall
They found the secret of the word that saith,
Service is sweet,
for all true life
harmed!
Tempo Imo
rall
Tempo Imo



rall
con sordini
con sordini
con sordini
death.
So greet thou well thy dead Across the home-less sea, And be thou com-forted Because they
Fare-well, Fare-well, Fare-well, Fare-well!
rall


a tempo
rall
Molto Adagio
Tuba
a tempo
Senza sordino
Died for thee.
Far off they served, but now their deed is done.
mo- ther!
Fare-well, Fare-well, Fare-well!
rall
Molto Adagio


Cresc - - - en - - - do
crescendo
Ever more their life & thine are one!
for ever-more our life and thine
are one!
Picc
Gran Cassa



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